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Defender's Song, "Faith of Our Fathers"

Defender's Motto, "Back To The Bible"

THE INEVITABLE CROSS

By Gerald B. Winrod

He "must be lifted up." He "must die." His death was "foreordained before the foundation of the world." "He was made sin." "He was made a curse for us." "Cursed is everyone that hangeth on a tree." Jesus had to die on a cross.

The Serpent's Venom

Wicked men tried to kill Jesus Christ by mobbing Him in a synagogue. They tried to stone Him to death. They tried to throw Him over a cliff. They tried to beat Him to death with a lash. Herod tried to kill Him when he was an infant. All attempts failed because it was predicted that He would die on a cross.

Back in the Garden of Eden it was announced that He would bruise the serpent's head and it was also predicted that the serpent would bruise His heel. Crucifixion is the only kind of death that bruises the human heel. When the nails were hammered through those tender ankle-bones, His heel was pressed against the cross. His heel was bruised. It was, therefore, inevitable that He should die on a cross.

He "must be lifted up." In the fall of man every mortal has been bitten by the serpent. The venom of the serpent is in the human veins. That venom is sin. You can hear the serpent's hiss in the word—Siii—S-I-N. But as the flaming serpent was lifted up in the wilderness and as the children of Israel were healed by looking upon it, so also Christ was lifted up so that we may look on Him and be healed.

On the western plains a few years ago a horse was stolen under the shelter of night. A few days later the horse-thief was found and arrested. The sheriff's guard was in the act of transferring him by railroad to the county jail. While making the journey, the thief broke away from his guards, leaped from the speeding train and started running toward the nearby timber-land. The guard sounded the alarm. The train was stopped and a searching party was organized. The prisoner was pursued. The thief kept running faster and faster and finally ran into a swamp. Suddenly he found that the swamp was soft beneath his feet and he began to sink, at first up to his knees, and then to his waist, finally to his shoulders. Seeing that he was doomed to be drawn into the swamp, he begged the sheriff to save him, but it was impossible.

The sheriff and his party did not dare to enter the swamp.

As if to make the prisoner's death more horrible, the swamp was infested with snakes and they began to attack him furiously. His cries for help were most pitiful. Finally they became fainter and fainter until he disappeared in the black mud.

This is a picture of the vicarious death of Christ. Demons screeched about Him as He hung on the cross. Spirits from the darkness swarmed over the earth. No



Gerald B. Winrod

wonder it was dark from the sixth to the ninth hour. One historian says that it seemed as if the earth would fall to pieces. No wonder men's hearts failed them for fear.

Deeper and deeper into the quicksand of iniquity. He drank the dregs of the cup. He went to the bottom of a world's sin. Human sin was piled on His soul mountain-high. It hid His Father's face from Him.

He cried out: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Christ was bitten for me. Christ was made sin for me. Christ was cursed for me. Christ was bruised for me. Christ died for me. Christ was lifted up for me.

The human mind cannot fathom the inky blackness, the murky darkness, the unspeakable torture, the horrible pain, the depth of remorse, the melancholia, to which our Christ descended. Every bone was pulled out of its joint. David in Psalm 22:14 was drawn so close to Christ that he spoke of Him in the first person and said: "All my bones are out of joint."

The Broken-Hearted Christ

It was an awful night. The passover moon was high. Two hours had passed since Judas left the passover table. Already the Lord had awakened His disciples three times. A mob had assembled around the garden. Jesus knew that His hour had come. He gave Himself up voluntarily. They did not need to treat Him as a common criminal, but they did. His trial was illegal according to Roman law for more than twenty reasons. If ever the courts of men gave one a "dirty deal" it was in the trial of Jesus Christ!

He was charged with blasphemy. Later the charge was changed to sedition.

Let it be remembered that Jesus Christ did not die of crucifixion. It was not the cross that killed Him. It takes a long time for one to die by crucifixion. It requires many hours, and even days. Death of crucifixion is a slow, lingering process. There are cases on record where victims of crucifixion have hung on crosses for as long as three days and when taken down, they were not dead. They recovered when their wounds healed.

Two men were hanging on crosses by His side. Pious Jews obtained permission from Pilate to break the legs of the three men and thus hasten death. The passover Sabbath was approaching and they did not want it profaned. It was all right, of course, to assassinate the Son of God, but it would have been a terrible thing for one of their ordinances to have been broken!

The Roman officials gave consent and soldiers were sent to break the legs of the three dying men. When the soldiers came to Jesus, they found that He was already dead. They were amazed that He should have died so soon. He was only a young man in the prime of life, strong and healthy. They asked, "How does it happen that He is dead?"

Notice, Roman officers had ordered the soldiers to break the bones of Jesus Christ, but they did not. Why? Because Psalm 34:20 says, "He keepeth all his bones, not one of them is broken." God, speaking through His prophet, had virtually said:

(Turn to page 3.)



THE DEFENDER

Gerald B. Winrod

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For advertising rates write, The Religious Press Ass'n, 325 No. 13th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

GANDY BRIDGE stretches six miles across the Bay between St. Petersburg, Florida, and Tampa. It is one of the longest bridges in the world. It reduced the distance between the two cities from 43 miles to 19 miles.

IN FREEMAN, SOUTH DAKOTA, there is located a splendid religious school, which has a Mennonite background. It maintains a first-class accredited academic department as well as a Junior College. In its "Statement of Standards" we read: "A program of sufficient and definite teaching in every department, on the question of evolution, modernism and worldliness and other forms of intellectual and religious innovations adverse to the Scriptures and the Christian Faith, in order to solve the students' problems on these tendencies of our day and to set forth the fallacy of the same."

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS ASSOCIATION accepts only the highest quality of advertising for Defender columns. Read the April advertisements carefully and remember that the advertisers help make the magazine possible.

ON APRIL 12th, Jews the world around will engage in the Annual Jewish Passover. Jesus observed such a service with His disciples just before He went to the cross. This became the basis of the Christian Communion Service.

REV. PHILIP SIDERSKY, a converted Russian Jew, has written a helpful booklet on the Jewish Passover with Christian interpretations. It may be ordered from the author, P. O. Box 1207, Los Angeles, California. Price, 25c.

MR. BRYAN'S PALATIAL MANSION near Miami has been purchased by a German scientist, who works at night and sleeps in the day-time. Admirers of the Commoner irritate the scientist's wife and she complains that several thousand people have tried to visit the home since they purchased it. Interior furnishings and decora-

tions have all been changed to remove recollections of the Bryans. The scientist says that Mr. Bryan's religious views represent the "basest ignorance."

GREAT RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS have been born in prayer. Their leaders were invariably humble men of tender hearts, with whom prayer had to be more than a theory. The water started flowing freely. A generation passed and the Movement became a machine and the water froze into ice. This is the line of least resistance toward which all Christian organizations tend. Remember, God never anoints a machine, He only anoints men.

MANY CHRISTIAN ORGANIZATIONS have suffered terribly from the Wall Street slump. Some have been forced to curtail their operations greatly, while others have been forced out of existence. The Defenders have moved forward, in spite of these conditions. The Second Annual Ohio Convention was held in Toledo January 12-17. The budget expense was \$1,091.23; collections \$940.81; deficit \$150.42. The Missouri Convention was held in St. Louis January 19-26. Budget expense \$1,325.44; collections \$1,104.81; deficit \$220.63. The Florida Convention convened in Tampa March 2-9. Budget expense \$2,073.68; collections \$1,954.87; deficit \$118.81. Let prayer warriors pray.

PROHIBITION LEADERS have always said that business tycoons supported the idea universally. In testifying before the Senate Committee last month, the wets sought to show that there were many prominent business men who objected to Prohibition. However, when the dries began to introduce the testimony of such men as Henry Ford and Thomas A. Edison, it was at once evident that dry tycoons outnumber wet tycoons at least five to one in this country.

ALL THE WAY FROM IRELAND two shillings and a six pence came last month as a contribution to help with the Defenders' testimony.

"YOUR PAPER, THE DEFENDER, has been coming to me now for more than a year, and I consider it one of the most valuable of several which I take. Your stand on the Bible is refreshing and heartening in this day of apostasy and decay and my prayer is that our gracious Lord will greatly bless and strengthen you in contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints."—Rev. R. F. Vick, First M. E. Church, Libby, Montana.

"TALKING MOTION PICTURES are proposed by a minister to swell the attendance in the churches. Maybe one plan might be to offer a course of golf lessons on Sunday morning."—Palm Beach Post.

THE STORY IS TOLD of a group of missionaries representing several different languages, who were assembled in a conference, and they were asked to sing, "Revive Us Again," each one using the language of the country from which he came. It sounded like bedlam until they reached the chorus and sang: "Hallelujah, Thine the Glory, Hallelujah, Amen." When they came to the word "Hallelujah," they all sang alike. This word cannot be translated. It is a heavenly word.

WHEN YOU USE THE PHRASE, "Of the making of books there is no end," did you know that you were quoting Ecclesiastes 12:12? When you use the phrase, "I escaped by the skin of my teeth," did you know that you were quoting Job 19:20? When you said that a certain person was "as unstable as water," did you know that you were quoting Genesis 49:4? When you said, "I made light of it," did you know that you were quoting Matthew 22:5? When you said that they were "at their wit's end," did you know that you were quoting Psalm 107:27? Did you ever hear it said that "The sleep of the laboring man is sweet?" Read Ecclesiastes 5:12.

PRESS REPORTS SAY that the Anti-Passover and the Anti-Easter campaign in Russia began officially March 15th, under the direction of the "Atheist League of the Godless" in Russia. Government officials have instructed every Union in Russia to see to it that its members join the League of the Godless. Anti-religious lectures, meetings and theater performances are being held throughout Russia during the present campaign.

LENIN TAUGHT RUSSIA that "Religion is opium for the people." In memory of his death, Russian newspapers unanimously agreed in the following headlines: "SIX YEARS ARE WE WITHOUT LENIN, BUT WE FOLLOW LENIN'S PATH WITH GIANT STRIDES." Continuing its vigorous campaign against religion, Russia is rapidly turning gorgeous cathedrals into stables, barns, granaries, theaters and museums.

"DEFENDER GOSPEL TABERNACLE" is the name of a church mentioned in a newspaper clipping sent to the editor's desk last month. While it is impossible to govern the use of the popular name "Defender," be it known that the Defenders' Movement is establishing no churches. Religious organizations appropriating the name have no affiliation with the Movement. We are in existence to give a testimony and not to establish another denomination.

DR. H. A. IRONSIDE, the well-known Plymouth Brethren Bible Teacher, has accepted the pastorate of the Moody Church, Chicago.

Perhaps your pastor would like to attend the Chicago Convention in May. If so, help make his coming possible. He will come back to you a bigger and better preacher.

THE INEVITABLE CROSS

(Continued from page 1.)

"Keep your hands off the bones of the body of my Son. They must not be broken." The Roman law could be broken, but the bones of the Son of God could not be broken.

To make certain that Jesus was really dead and not merely in a swoon, the soldier plunged a spear into His tender side, and forthwith came blood and water." The Roman soldier had to plunge his spear into Jesus Christ. He could not keep from it because it was predicted in Zecharias 12:10: "They shall look upon me whom they have pierced." That day, true to the prophecy, the Jews looked upon Him whom they had pierced.

If Jesus did not die of crucifixion, then someone asks, "How did He die?" A physician would be in position to answer if he were to make a careful examination of the case. The fact that blood and water came from His side tells us that He actually died of a broken heart. There is such a thing as loving so deeply and suffering in such great emotional agony, to such a depth of remorse, that it is actually possible to break one's heart. Water and blood from the side is scientific evidence of a broken heart.

Christ actually died of a ruptured heart. For this reason He was already dead when the soldiers came to examine Him. They had to kill the two thieves to hasten death, but Christ had already died of a broken heart. He died from grief over a world's sin.

Now, we have the testimony of Luke, a physician, who has left us a very careful record. Luke had to be an expert, schooled in the science of his day in order to practice medicine under the Roman law. He tells us of the bloody sweat that stood out over Christ's body. "Being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly and his sweat as, as it were, great drops of blood falling down on the ground."

The fact that His sweat was blood is conclusive, scientific proof that His heart was ruptured. The informed physician will tell you that bloody sweat is an indication of a shattered heart. It will also be recalled that He was so weak that He could not carry His cross up the hill of Calvary. He fainted beneath its weight, because His heart was breaking within Him.

There He hangs, the broken-hearted Christ.

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee,
I give Thee back the love I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
Might richer, fuller be.

Polycarp—A Defender of the Faith

By Gerald B. Winrod

Jesus appeared in His resurrection body to John, the Revelator, on the Isle of Patmos, and dictated seven letters to the seven churches in Asia. These churches had been established by the Apostles and early heroes of the faith, while on missionary and evangelistic tours. The churches were located in Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia and Laodicea. The letters were not only addressed to the churches in these cities, but were also addressed to the churches of all time, and they

divide church history into seven ages. The Ephesus church age ended 100 A. D. The Smyrna church age ended 311 A. D. The Pergamos church age ended 590 A. D. The Thyatira church age ended 1517 A. D. The Sardis church age ended 1750 A. D. The Philadelphia church age ended 1850 A. D. The Laodicea church age will end at the second coming of Christ.

John delivered the letters to the "seven angels," or, as we would say today, the seven pastors, because there was a shepherd in charge of each of the seven Christian flocks. There is evidence to the effect that the angel (pastor) at Smyrna was Polycarp.

In a report written by the church of Smyrna, describing the death of Polycarp, we learn that scores of Christians passed through martyrdom in the same city. The most ingenious methods for killing Smyrna Christians were invented by the pagans. Sometimes they were burned in oil, thrown upon beds of spikes, fed to beasts, beheaded, or pulled limb from limb. Lingered tortures were frequently used in an effort to extract denials of Christ. Jesus dealt tenderly with the Smyrna church and said, "The devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

It was a sad day in the Smyrna church when the news was circulated throughout the city that Polycarp was being sought by the rulers. He was persuaded to flee from the city and went into seclusion in a country home. There he prayed day and night for the suffering, struggling churches. Finally, while sleeping, a vision came to him and he saw his pillow burned beneath his head. Speaking prophetically the following day to his friends, he interpreted the vision and said: "I must be burned alive." A servant soon betrayed him into the hands of his enemies. Like Jesus, he had a Judas among his friends.

When the officers arrived at the little house where he was staying, he begged them to allow him to pray while they ate a meal. He stood erect and prayed for more than an hour while his enemies feasted. While under arrest, his friends begged him to recant and say just one little prayer to "Lord Caesar" and thus save his life. His answer was brief but final, for he said: "I shall not do as you advise me."

While being taken to the arena, where he was to pay the death penalty for his faith, he was hurled from a speeding chariot, drawn by prancing horses, with such violence that his leg was broken. Upon reaching the amphitheatre he found that a great crowd had assembled to see him die. "Swear by the fortune of Caesar. Reproach Christ, Polycarp, and go free." The grand old man, stern of countenance, replied: "Eighty and six years have I served Him and He never did me any injury. How then can I blaspheme my King and my Saviour." The official answered, "I have wild beasts at hand. To these will I cast thee except thou swear by Caesar." Polycarp (Turn to page 12.)

MUSSOLINI

Mr. Winrod has re-written his book, "Mussolini and the Second Coming of Christ" five times. Each time he has inserted additional recent fulfilled prophetic events, dealing with such things as the revival of old Rome, the restoration of Israel, the working of the spirit of Antichrist, etc. The sixth edition is now ready for delivery; revised and enlarged—price 50c. Order from:

DEFENDER PUBLISHERS
WICHITA, KANSAS

MISSING-LINKS

When Arthur I. Brown, M. D., C. M., F. R. C. S. E., of Vancouver, wrote his condensed treatise against Evolution entitled "MEN, MONKEYS AND MISSING-LINKS", he rendered a lasting service. He knows his ground because of his scientific training. This booklet should be placed in the hands of high school and college students. Price, 25 cents. Order from:

DEFENDER PUBLISHERS
WICHITA, KANSAS

FROM THE TAMPA DAILY TIMES.

HUMANISM, WEEK'S TOPIC AT AUDITORIUM

Cult Strikes at Root of Supernatural Religion.

Humanism is said to be the new religion of the day. Not long since it was organized as a denomination by an enthusiastic zealot in New York. Humanism strikes at the root of supernatural religion and says that the world is operated by natural laws which cannot be broken or transcended.

Tampa will hear supernatural religion defended by Gerald B. Winrod, who is said to be the world's leading opponent of humanism and modernism, March 2-9, in the Tampa Municipal Auditorium. Mr. Winrod will come as the principal speaker of the Defenders of the Christian Faith, an inter-denominational organization that believes much that the fundamentalists believe, but does not appropriate the title fundamentalism. Other speakers will appear on the program, but Mr. Winrod will head the list with subjects as "Religion Without God," "Modernism; Its Curse and Cure," "Science and the Bible," "Scientific Praying," "The Geology of the Church" and "The Biology of the Church."

Winrod's outstanding characteristic is his scientific analysis and explanation of scriptural and Christian truth. He is said to be a master workman in this realm. While he does not profess to be a scientist, in the ethical sense of the term, yet his books and magazine abound with the vernacular of the scientist.

His latest book, "Science, Christ and the Bible," published by the Fleming H. Revell Publishing Company, is said to be attracting wide attention in both religious and scientific circles. He is the editor of a dynamic and explosive magazine called "The Defender."

Winrod will have nothing to do with the idea of monkeys and apes hanging on his family tree. Like Pat, when it comes to Evolution, he is "agin it." He says he knows why he is against it. He professes to have well grounded scientific and religious views which refute the idea of an ape-man pedigree.

Paul Rader, whose great tabernacle will house the World's Conference in May, is leaving nothing undone to make the program profitable to out-of-town guests. Masterful addresses and the best of music will characterize each day's activities. Remember the date—May 18 to June 1.

ON TO CHICAGO

May 18 to June 1

Tickets

A vast multitude of *Defender* readers over the country are making plans to go to Chicago for the World Wide Christian Couriers' and Defenders' Conference, which begins May 18th. The Defenders' Conference will start on Sunday, the 18th, and close on Sunday, the 25th.

Every effort is being made to make the stay in Chicago pleasant. Paul Rader is famous as a perfect host, and he very graciously accepted the responsibility of arranging all of the details of the Conference. He plans to provide out-of-town guests with tickets of admission, which the ushers will respect in every instance. By this means visitors will be assured of seats in the auditorium, even when the large Chicago Gospel Tabernacle is taxed beyond capacity.

It should be remarked that the Chicago Gospel Tabernacle is one of the outstanding Gospel nerve-centers of the world. The auditorium, capable of accommodating more than 4,000, is packed every Sunday. The radio ministry through its station W. J. B. T. reaches every part of North America, and only last Sunday a man wired from Colombia, South America, that he was enjoying the program. More than forty departments emanate from this great hub. A 50-piece band and a 200-voice choir will provide the music. Homer Rodeheaver, the internationally known song leader, will have charge of the music at all the services.

Friends desiring tickets should write to Rev. Paul Rader, 825 Barry Avenue, Chicago, immediately. Programs, announcing the subjects to be treated by the various speakers, will also be ready for early delivery.

Speakers

Did you ever hear of a greater galaxy of religious luminaries being assembled for a single conference in America? It will remind many of the great spiritual tide which arose about fifteen years ago, when great Conferences were sponsored in Philadelphia with such heroes of the faith as Dr. Blanchard, Dr. Scofield, Dr. Dixon and others present.

Nothing has been spared to set up the strongest possible program for Chicago. The speakers will be Billy Sunday, the mighty warrior evangelist; Mark A. Matthews, pastor of the largest Presbyterian Church in America, one time Moderator of the General Assembly of Seattle, Washington; Arthur I. Brown of Vancouver, the scientist-surgeon, a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh; A. P. Gouthey, the noted pulpit orator, who took Mr. Bryan's Bible Class in Miami at the time of the death of the great Commoner; George McCready Price, the scientist, geologist and author of many books; Ross T. Campbell, President of Sterling College; M. F. Hamm, the great Southern Baptist Evangelist; Oswald J. Smith, internationally known missionary and preacher; Luke Rader, founder and pastor of River-Lake Gospel Tabernacle, Minneapolis; Paul Rader, the host of the Convention, and Gerald B. Winrod, founder of The Defenders.

Missions

The Defenders, an interdenominational Movement for the defense and promulgation of evangelical Christianity in America, and the World Wide Christian Couriers,

an interdenominational Movement for the purpose of promoting world evangelization, work in parallel. Both Movements are kept well lubricated by the oil of the Holy Ghost, and the result is that their combined efforts have become a great creative Gospel force. Both Movements should be held up loyally in prayer by all lovers of Bible truth.

For several years the Couriers, of which Mr. Rader is the founder, have held their Annual Missionary Conference late in May and early in June. This year the Missionary Rally will begin quick on the heels of the Defenders' phase of the Congress. The missionary speakers will be of the highest quality. A wide variety of missionaries will be present from different parts of the world. The Rally will begin May 26th and close June 1st. Paul Rader will be in charge of all the public activities of the Conference.

The first thing Mr. Rader did when he took hold of the various avenues of service looking forward to preparing for these meetings, was to make a call to prayer. Tabernacle groups will assemble every night for one week preceding the Conference for special prayer. They will not assemble to talk about prayer, but they will gather for the purpose of praying. Let friends everywhere blend their souls in a great wave of prayer to God for the glorious success of this gathering.

BLASPHEMY

A group of students in Kansas University has published for some time an infidel magazine called "The Dove." The following is snatched from a full page article, which purports to be a conversation in Heaven.

We read: "God is lounging on His Heavenly throne and meditatively flapping His ears, pausing at times to minutely scrutinize His fingernails. Jesus rests near by listening to Ingersoll and Voltaire, as they debate godnaturally."

The Dean of Women has arrived in Heaven from a university. A part of the conversation follows:

The Dean: "Oh, err—that is—well, you know, I'm human. But, father, I have my own ideas about you. I don't think you're a Christian gentleman. Furthermore, I can see from the way you cross your feet that you are not up on your Emily Post."

God: "Why, I believe the woman is trying to flirt with me. Put her in the lower sphere and see that she gets in at eight every night."

Voltaire: "Look, father, there is the smallest soul I have ever seen admitted into Heaven."

Jesus: "At the university he teaches astronomy, but he also seeks to teach mankind that he can justify scientific phenomena with the Bible."

God: "The Bible—hm, that's the book of perversions that your earthly falsifiers assert I inspired. And he believes in that?"

Jesus: "But he is a scientist."

God: "My son, your earthly visits are beginning to affect your mind. How can a man be a scientist and hold such loose ideas? To have a man assert that I inspired the writing of the Bible is bad enough, but to have that man posing as a scientist as well is horrible. I'll not even talk with him. Cast him out into the farthest reaches."

SCHUMANN-HEINK ASSAILS CIGARETTES

Health, character and scholarship" is the slogan of Crescent College, located at Eureka Springs, Arkansas. It is a Junior College for girls. Like many another newspaper reader, President A. Q. Burns of Crescent College, was shocked when he read a cigarette advertisement in which Madame Schumann-Heink, the noted opera singer, was quoted as recommending a particular brand of "coffin nails."

Dr. Burns said: "I cannot believe that the woman whose voice had charmed our soldiers as they faced unknown horizons, is the woman who could be lured into selling her prestige to promote the use of tobacco by women. Accordingly, as one of her myriad American admirers, I took the liberty to write her a personal letter, sending it under registered mail and enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply."

"The justification for my inquiry was that her magnificent career was the result both of her high achievement in her art and the result of my admiration and the admiration of a million others like myself. However infinitesimally small my part was in building her prestige, by so much I was entitled to ask the question."

"To my surprise I received within ten days a copy of the *Daily Hampshire Gazette*, published at North Hampton, Mass., the seat of Smith College for girls. On the margin of this newspaper in pen and ink, signed by Madame Schumann-Heink herself, were the words: 'I hope this is answer enough.'"

Dr. Burns says that the two column front page article explained that Madame Schumann-Heink had given her farewell concert at Smith College the previous evening and before the final applause died away, the great artist stepped forward to the footlights, stopped the applause with a gesture of her hand, and spoke as follows:

"It has been reported in some newspapers that I smoke. This is not true. I have never smoked a cigarette in my life. It is not to the fathers and mothers and grandmothers that I am now speaking. It is to you young girls. Some time into your lives I hope there will come a great love, and when the time comes that you shall kiss this man that you love, if you are smoking now, will that future kiss be entirely proper? Do you think they will taste just right?"

"I shall probably not come this way again as a singer. After I have finished this tour, I shall probably wear glasses, sew and knit and do other things that are expected of grandmothers. Some of you will be married and maybe live near here, but if you are smoking, then I shall not wish to be a godmother to your children."

There is no way of calculating the diabolical wrong which has been wrought against the American home and generations unborn by the vulgar and sensual cigarette advertisements which have been plastered everywhere during the last few years by cigarette concerns who do not hesitate to sacrifice the virtue of womanhood at the feet of the golden calf of filthy lucre. It remains to be seen whether or not the American woman has sufficient moral vitality to revolt against this outrage. Thirty years ago this condition would not have been tolerated, but things are different now since the modern woman has compromised at so many points. What a blessing a Francis Willard would be if she were to rise, speak and stir the conscience of her sex against this awful evil!

President Burns concluded his statement in the daily press with these words: "If anyone asks you why Crescent girls do not smoke, simply say that Crescent College has no rule against smoking but that as Madame Schumann-Heink penned it in her own handwriting, 'This is answer enough.'"

Has Your Subscription Expired?

An early renewal will be appreciated.

A BAMBOO COFFIN

By Rev. Titus Johnson

Swedish Missionary to the Belgian Congo

(Editor's note: Friends in his denomination affectionately call Titus Johnson, "a modern David Livingstone." God used the tragedy, which came into his life, as described in this article, to awaken something in his soul which could not have otherwise been quickened. There came over him, a soul-consuming passion for the black man of the African jungles, which he had not previously known. He became more than a missionary. He was an explorer. He visited remote spots where no other white man has ever been. He became a trail-blazer. He knows what it is to be surrounded by cannibals. He knows what it is to face death at the hands of savages. Future articles by Mr. Johnson are scheduled to appear in later issues of The Defender.)

This story, "The Bamboo Coffin," was told at the Florida Convention of the Defenders of the Christian Faith last month. It was stenographically reported.)

His Lover's Birthday

It was the birthday of my betrothed, and my, how you love to do something for one you love! Here I was, in Africa, far away from any friends, stores or jewelry stores where I could buy a present for her. I had seen her only three times while in Africa and the distance between our mission stations was 20 miles. Plans were made for me to make the journey through the jungles to be with her on her birthday. I searched my supplies, for a birthday present, trying to find something that might suit the occasion, but there was nothing there. All I owned in those days were a camp cot and one blanket. I landed in Africa with nothing but the blanket. Kind missionaries loaned me a camp cot, kettles, dishes and a few other necessities that the missionary needs in a land where there are no stores and nothing to be secured within many, many miles or days' journeys.

I had sugar and chicken; the natives had plenty chickens and eggs. I also had flour, a tin of baking powder and a few spices. I thought, it cannot be a birthday without a birthday cake! I set out to do something I had never done in my life before and vowed never to do again — to make a birthday cake.

That Awful Cake

It was early in the morning. I got the flour and sugar out, and put a little of both in the cooking pot (I had no idea of proportions). Then I cracked a few eggs, dumped them in, added some baking powder, some canned milk and then proceeded to stir. I was rich. I had been presented with two pie-tins by another missionary. I dumped some of this dough in a tin and then the baking began. In Africa we have no stoves. The substitute for a stove is a hole dug into the ground, or into an ant-hill, and then wood is thrown into that hole. We then put on the fire, and when it begins to burn, the bread is placed on the glowing coals. So I put the pie-tin (or cake-tin) on the glowing coals, covered up the hole and went away, waiting for the cake to bake. I came back in a little while, uncovered the hole, and, behold, the cake was burned black. Very sad indeed! I removed the charcoal cake, scratched the pan and washed it. I put in a new portion of dough, covered it, and this time stayed by it. After a while, I uncovered it. Unfortunately, the cake was half burned.

Such cake would not do for a sweetheart. I had to do it over again, alas! I renewed the process, came back again, this time de-

ciding I would not cover up the hole, but watch it. I saw it rise gently on one side. I watched for it to rise likewise on the other side, but no, it rose on only one side, kept on rising, and the other side stayed flat. I soon discovered the baking was complete. With one side swelled and the other flat, it looked like it had the toothache. I looked at it despairingly. What could I do? Then I remembered at home they made several layers, so I emptied the pan and refilled it with dough, came down to the hole and watched it again, and again the same unfortunate thing happened. By this time I had two toothache cakes, of the same shape and form. I simply took one of them, laid the fat end of one on the flat end of the other, and when completed, the top of the cake was level and the partition of the



Titus Johnson

Here is a picture of Titus Johnson, the missionary speaker at the Florida Convention of The Defenders. In the background there may be seen a picture of the beautiful Municipal Auditorium of Tampa, which was used by the Convention at the invitation of the Chamber of Commerce.

middle was a slant, from the top to the bottom. Nevertheless, I had conquered. I had made a cake, the first one in my life.

I realized there must be a frosting on a real birthday cake, but how do you make frosting? I knew there must be sugar. I took some sugar, poured water on it, dissolved it, went down to the fire with it, kept stirring, soon the fork stuck to the pan and the sugar had become solid. This was not the way to make frosting. I tried another plan. I got some more sugar, put some eggs with it and a little bit of flour;

again I stirred it, and, indeed, this time it thickened without hardening, and, behold, there was a sort of white-whiskered liquid, and I hurried and poured it over the cake, and, at last, I had a birthday cake. I had started early in the morning and now it was late in the afternoon.

A Proud Sweetheart

The next morning I got up early and started the long march, 20 miles. I put the cake in a box, packed some things around it so it would not slide, placed the box on the black boy's head, and told him, "This is the most precious thing I possess in the world. You dare not let this box fall from your head." I told him he must deliver that at the destination without damage, and you should have seen that boy all day. He clung to that box as though it were a part of his very life. He seemed to be as proud of the cake as I was. In the middle of the afternoon we arrived at the mission station. There was my girl, and I presented her the birthday gift. I let her uncover the box herself, and I wish you could have seen the expression on her face when she saw the cherished cake. Such an expression, I shall never forget it. An expression of surprise and pathos! I could read this on her face: "Oh, you poor boy, such a pitiful cake, but what a love must have driven you to make it." She saw beyond the odd lines of that cake. She saw beyond the paste and frosting and she saw the intention of her devoted lover. And often, when I think of that happening, I think of Christ as that Person to Whom our feeble efforts, just like that cake, are directed. We make mistakes here and there, when we try to do something for Him, and when we present our weak efforts to Him, we can see the same expression in His face. He forgets the feeble, visible things and looks into the deeper love of His servant. He appreciates our efforts.

An African Fever

So we sat down that afternoon in an African Mission hut, feasting on that so-called cake, and as we drank some good Swedish coffee, that dear, sweet girl looked across the table and said: "Titus, you know life is so wonderful! This life is so beautiful; I am so happy in this life! It is such a joy, you know, Titus, sometimes I think this life is too wonderful to last. I wonder whether it can continue like this."

What she said was too true. Next morning I prepared to go to my own mission station. The dear girl complained of sudden illness. There was a doctor in her station. She told him about it. The doctor came to me and said: "Mr. Johnson, you had better stay here today and see what this is going to be." I stayed. The next day she was in bed. The doctor said: "It is serious. You had better not go back to your own station until we have seen what course this will take." I stayed. Day after day she grew worse and worse. One of the terrible African fevers had taken hold upon her. She was deathly sick, and there I saw the dearest one on earth lying in pain and agony. I sat by her bedside during the day, watching her. I prayed with her, laid my hands on her burning forehead, and prayed God to restore her. Never was my faith stronger. I thought of those people over there at my station, the boys and girls whom I had been telling about our coming. Only two months and we would be married. I thought of the mud-house I had built in anticipation of her coming. I thought of all the other preparations I had made. She kept sinking. Thirteen days had gone. I remember that fourteenth day as though it were yesterday. It was a stormy, cloudy

(Turn to page 15.)

You likely have some of Homer Rodeheaver's beautiful songs on your Victrola. You can see and hear him in person May 18 to June 1 in Chicago.

A TICKET TO TARSHISH

By Dr. W. B. Hogg
Memphis, Tennessee



W. B. Hogg

Text: "Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me. But Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord, and went down to Joppa; and he found a ship going to Tarshish: so he paid the fare thereof and went down into it, to go with them unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord."—Jonah 1:1 and 2.

When a preacher invites attention to the little book of Jonah, some minds question the credibility of the story and thereby destroy the value of the book, and cause themselves to miss the blessing of its message.

Jesus believed the story of Jonah and the great fish, for in Matthew, twelfth chapter and verses forty and forty-one, He said: "For as Jonas (Jonah) was three days and three nights in the whale's belly; so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth. The men of Nineveh shall rise in judgment with this generation, and condemn it: because they repented at the preaching of Jonas; and, behold, a greater than Jonas is here." If the story of Jonah is a myth, or a mere tale with a moral, then Jesus Christ is exposed as a fake, or he becomes a party to a willful misrepresentation. But where is the human being that will dare to call him a liar who was without sin, the immaculate man of Galilee? Who could think a lie possible to Him who conquered the grave in three days, the world in three years, who tarried in those blessed forty days of assuring love, then swept by the gravitation of His own divinity to the right hand of God, whence He shall return in the flaming wonders of a dissolving sky to meet them who look for Him the second time!

We claim not the authority of church or council, ecclesiastic or potentate of this planet: we base our faith in the story of Jonah on the record in a divinely given Book and the ipse dixit of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

So God has placed a flaming angel of warning at every chapter of each book in the blessed Bible. God forbid that these lips shall ever question the blessed contents of the Bible, or this heart should ever refuse to obey its mandates.

Let us turn with reverent, believing

hearts to the four chapters of this little book and try to learn the lesson of Jonah—a man who turned his back on God's will for his life. The Jonah story is the prodigal son story of the Old Testament: both ran away from the will of God; both sought to free themselves from God's restraining love by going far away from Him; both returned in penitence—one via the hog pen, another in the belly of a whale. Both wound up in filthy, crowded quarters!

Let us mount the winged cars of imagination and sail away over the centuries. Let us sail and sail until we are away back in the fifth century before Christ. What a long journey! We have traveled about twenty-four hundred and fifty years! We are standing on the wharf at old Joppa; this is the seaport for Jerusalem, situated thirty-four miles northwest of the city. It was here that they landed the cedars of Lebanon for Solomon's multi-billion dollar temple, also the timbers for the second temple. In the New Testament times, we recall, that Joppa was the scene of Peter's restoration of Tabitha to life. In this same city lived Simon the Tanner; on the roof of his house Peter received the vision admonishing him not to refuse the gospel to the Gentiles.

What a busy harbor! The wharf is crowded with boats on whose decks boisterous passengers seem thrilled with the prospect of a most delightful journey. The wharf is crowded with hurrying groups who are gathering baggage, securing reservations, and bidding friends good-bye. One feels the gripping power of the wanderlust that has filled so many gaily decorated boats that now are riding at anchor in the shimmering Mediterranean Sea.

Our attention is directed to a traveler who rushes toward the shipping office, apparently very much excited, and evidently disturbed about his transportation. He passes nearer us, and we comment on his cordial smile. Yes, he knows us; he is coming this way. One of us greets him with:

"What are you doing here, Brother Jonah? I wasn't expecting you?"

He is a bit confused, then calling the friend aside, he explains:

"No, I am not going on a vacation trip. No, I am not changing my field of service. But I'll be very frank with you: I've quit preaching. Now wait! Hear me through: I received a divine call to a very hard field—Nineveh: and I just simply am not going. I am not a spring chicken, I know what it costs to go to a hard place like Nineveh. Besides, I wonder if it will do any good. People are so hard these days, particularly so in the cities; no prayer meetings; no revivals; preachers have all turned modernistic and are questioning the Bible. Then the old tight-wad runs the churches, and the society hems have throttled the organizations in the Church. Why, boy, I wouldn't fool with that bunch for the whole outfit and a deed to it. Yes, there's a boom on in Tarshish; I expect to make my nest egg, then if I ever do want to preach, I will not have to take offerings. I believe in an independent ministry anyway. Then there—now wait—! You hear my side of the question. Nobody knows about your business in Tarshish, and what's more, nobody cares. No fool prayer groups, no soul winning gangs, no drives for missions, etc.—in other words, you can do as you please. Why, if you want a little drink, no foolish anti-will have a fit. In fact, I am told

booze flows like water in this growing metropolis. Don't have to tear out to church every time some old bird wants to preach, or have you preach. Then if a fellow slips a little in his morals, they don't have the hebe jebies! Leave your church letter behind, who cares? Cut out all the church-anity, and be a carefree good sport. There goes my crowd—I must hurry, better join me and see the bright lights. Cut out the crossbearing awhile. Goodbye! I'm Tarshish bound. Everybody's going! Follow the crowd!"

He hurries up the gang plank and joins the jolly crowd that are about to sail away from God. The boats that crowd the harbor are filled with laughing, jesting, carefree travelers who smile at the stay-at-homes on the shore. The decks of the vessels are filled with the prosperous, the socially ambitious, the hangers-on in society. Jazz orchestras are loading the air with their barnyard serenades; many have yielded to the delirium and have joined the whirling, undulating mass of dancers in a mad scene of careless abandon as the ships are moving out on their journey away from God.

Brother Jonah waves a farewell as his boat, Freedom From Restraint, lifts the gang plank and moves away. For a moment, we stand on the wharf and watch the fast receding ships with their loads of hilarious passengers going where there are no burdens, where there are no prohibitions, no sleepless nights over unsaved loved ones. We stand on the wharf and wonder, does it pay to wear out in Christian service! After all is the path of least resistance the better way? Is there a single soul who never has felt the urge to quit the straight and narrow way for the broad road on which so many careless folks jostle each other? Who has never felt the temptation of the Devil as he asks, "Does it pay?"

Let us ask the ticket seller the price of a ticket to Tarshish. He smiles as he answers:

"All Tarshish bound tickets are sold on the installment plan, you pay as you ride. A very small cash payment will start you on a happy journey. It is a very popular trip just now; everybody's going. Want a ticket?"

We answer: "No, thank you, I was just thinking about it." Can you tell me, sir, where is Tarshish?"

The agent replies:

"Sorry, but I don't recall the exact location just now, you'll have to ask someone who has made the trip."

I can tell you where Tarshish is: It is the capital of the Far Away Land. It is bounded on the east by a desire to be let alone, on the north by a determination to have one's own way, and on the south by "It's none of your business," and on the west by the bleak, barren wastes of a Christless eternity! Tarshish is a relation, not a locality; it is anywhere away from God.

The cost of a ticket to Tarshish has never been computed. It is like the story of the gem-studded checker board that a genius made for a weak-minded king. The price agreed upon was a grain of corn for the first square; then two for the second, and so on, doubling the grains of corn each time for all the sixty-four squares. Apparently the king got a bargain, but in reality all the corn of many kingdoms could never satisfy the debt. It is so with this ticket to Tarshish: you pay as you ride; but the payments soon run into tears, and tragic deprivations and degradation and humiliation and remorse and hopelessness—until finally all the cargo, and the vessel itself goes down, leaving the shrieking passengers to the mercy of the angry sea!

In the southwest, the gathering clouds attract the attention of the sailors on Jonah's ship. It looks like there is stormy weather ahead. There is gathering the worst storm that sea had seen in years; and behind the boiling storm clouds is the wrath

(Turn to page 14.)

CHRIST IN THE OLD TESTAMENT

By Gerald B. Winrod

A Coffin

The Old Testament is full of word pictures and types of the Messiah, Who was predicted to come. When you open the Bible the first thing that you see, in the first book, is a description of the first man, Adam, who is a type of the second Adam. As Adam stands at the head of the human race, so also Christ stands at the head of a new race.

When the first humanity crashed, God arranged to produce a new humanity. "The first man Adam was made a living soul. The last man Adam was made a quickening spirit." "The first man is of the earth earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven." "As in Adam all die; so in Christ all shall be made alive."

All human life flows from the first Adam, and all eternal life flows from the second Adam. Paul, in his letters, draws a concrete comparison between the first and the second Adam.

In Adam all die	In Christ all made alive
The first Adam	The last Adam
A living soul	A quickening spirit
Natural	Spiritual
Out of the earth	Out of Heaven
Earthy	Heavenly
Image of the earthy	Image of the Heavenly
Dead in trespasses and sins	Alive unto God
Children of wrath	Children of God
Under judgment, condemned	Justified and accepted
Far-off	Made nigh
Without God	Brought to God
Enemies	Reconciled
Hath not life	Hath eternal life

Every mortal is either a blood-relative to the first Adam or the second Adam. It is a matter of blood relationship. If you were born once, you are blood-relative to the first Adam. If you were born twice, you are relative to the second Adam. You are cursed by the blood of the first Adam. You are cleansed by the blood of the second Adam. Jesus came to undo the works of the Devil. Man's fall made necessary Christ's atonement. You have, no doubt, noticed that when preachers speak of Jesus Christ in His position as Redeemer and Saviour, when they refer to His vicarious death, that they invariably mention the fall of man. The doctrine of the atonement is interwoven with the doctrine of the fall.

The word "death" in the scriptural sense means expulsion from God's presence. To be forever removed from God is the most terrible death conceivable. Man is born in that condition, "dead in trespasses and sin." "Estranged from the womb." "Shapen in iniquity." "Conceived in sin." When one does something wrong and gets into trouble, we speak of it as getting into a bad box. That is the condition of man. When he fell, he got into a bad box, and that box was a coffin. He lost his capacity to receive and appropriate eternal life. Every mortal is born in a coffin of spiritual death, expelled from God. Only one person can destroy a coffin, and that person is a carpenter—the Carpenter of Nazareth. The second Adam came to take you out of your coffin.

A homely illustration once came to me about a negro evangelist who was preaching in an eastern city. He announced that he was going to preach a funeral sermon the following night. A notice of the funeral was published in the newspapers. To the amazement of his colored audience the evangelist preached on hell. In front of the pulpit there was a coffin covered with flowers. The church was decorated in keeping with the funeral service. The evangelist said that the person in the coffin was the "meanest man in town." Sobs were

heard over the congregation as the sermon progressed.

At the close of the sermon the evangelist had the flowers removed and the lid lifted. He invited the audience to march by and see the rascal whose funeral he had just preached. A large mirror had been placed in the bottom of the empty coffin and every person saw himself when he looked in to see the "meanest man in town." Whatever the mistakes of this evangelist may have been, it cannot be disputed that he was sound in his theology.

A Type

Linger a few minutes in the book of Genesis and I will call your attention to another type of Christ in the opening pages of the Bible. A deep sleep came upon Adam after he was created and God, by a mysterious creative process, took Adam's bride out of his side. We read that God made a "woman" for Adam. The word "made" in the original text actually means "built." God "built" Adam a bride. Notice, it was a "deep sleep" that came upon Adam. There is a difference between "sleep" and a "deep sleep." A "deep sleep" means that Adam went into an unconscious state and his bride was taken from his side.

Now, look down the vista of the centuries to Calvary. The second Adam is in a "deep sleep"—the sleep of death. A spear is plunged into His tender side and forthwith came blood and water for the cleansing of His church. His blood was shed that His bride, the church, might be born. As Eve came out of the side of the first Adam, so also the church came out of the side of the second Adam. The church is to Christ what Eve was to Adam.

God built Adam a woman and Christ is building a church. Every regenerate mortal is a member of the church. The book of Ephesians is the great church book of the Bible. In it Paul says "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church and gave himself for it."

The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ, her Lord,
She is a new creation,
By water and the blood.

Another Type

Your attention is invited to another type of Christ in the Old Testament. Consider Isaac, the son of Abraham. Isaac's birth involved a miracle, for Abraham was one hundred years old and Sarah was barren. The birth of Christ was also a miracle. He was "conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary."

Abraham was about to offer Isaac in sacrifice. He bound him on the altar. He even had his arm raised to plunge the knife into Isaac, when the voice of Jehovah spoke. Isaac was raised up. This is a type of Christ on the cross, offered in sacrifice for the sins of the world. As Abraham raised Isaac from the altar of sacrifice, so also God raised Christ from the dead.

Isaac's name was given to him before he was born. Likewise Christ was named before He was born. "The angel said: Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."

Isaac wanted a bride. His father Abraham sent his chief servant Eliezer into a far country in search of a bride for his son. Isaac and his bride are types of Christ and His church.

Abraham's servant, the messenger who

went into a far country seeking a bride, is a type of the Holy Spirit who was sent into the earth by God, the Father, to seek out a bride for Christ. Notice in this type that Eliezer, the servant, was a personality. The Holy Spirit is a personality and not a mere energy, influence or force. The Holy Spirit is a Person.

When the servant found Rebekah she joined the caravan at once and started home with Eliezer. As the caravan drew near, she saw a man walking toward them in the field. She inquired and learned that it was Isaac coming to meet her. She jumped from her camel and ran across the field to meet him.

When Christ returns, His living church, His Bride, will run to meet Him. "We which are alive and remain until the coming of the Lord," will run to meet Him.

One More Type

The last type of Christ in the Old Testament to which attention is called is found in the book of Numbers. The children of Israel were wandering about in the wilderness. Their supply of water and food was exhausted and they began to grumble. They forgot God. They forgot the passover service the last night they were in Egypt. They forgot the death angel. They forgot the time when the Red Sea opened its mouth for them to march through on dry land. They forgot the destruction of Pharaoh's soldiers. They forgot the fire by night. They forgot the pillar by day. They were actually ready to kill Moses, their great leader.

Suddenly they ran into a nest of serpents. No doubt there were acres of snakes. People were dying by perhaps the hundreds. Finally, by a marvelous special Providence, Moses raised up a flaming serpent of brass and everyone that looked on it was healed.

In conversation with Nicodemus, Jesus said, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up."

The phrase "lifted up" appears five times in the book of John.

A Hug

Jesus brought God close to man. If you have tried to satisfy the yearning of your heart for God by searching frantically in science, philosophy and literature, quiet your feverish soul and look to Jesus Christ. As a magnifying glass brings out the hidden beauties of the rose, so also Christ reveals the hidden beauties of Deity.

A little girl said to her mother, "Mamma, I like you better than God." "You must not say that," replied the mother. The daughter answered, "Yes, but really, Mamma, I do like you better than God." Her mother asked, "What makes you say that?" The child answered, "Because I can hug you."

Jesus brought God within hugging distance.

This lonely Man, this Friend of sinners, this Man of Sorrows, Who never laughed in the days of His flesh, this poverty-stricken Wanderer through Palestine, Who had to catch a fish to pay the temple tax, and said, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath no place to lay his head," this humble Man, this misunderstood Man, Who was charged with blasphemy because He professed to be Deity, this Visitor from the glory, this Miracle of the manger, came to earth exactly as the Old Testament types had predicted, and yet when He came, we had nothing ready for Him.

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CUBA'S CRY

By Rev. George D. Blomgren, Chicago

"PHST, PHST," these are the two words (sounds) that the tourist to Cuba hears upon first arriving. People use them in attracting attention of those with whom they wish to speak. These sounds are heard in every place imaginable; street-cars, hotels, parks, offices, churches, wherever one may happen to be. As the American claps his hands, as the Englishman says, "Hear, Hear," as the Indian grunts his delight, so also the Cuban says, "Phst, Phst." One can listen at any time and hear what soon becomes a familiar sound. It is especially used in calling somebody for immediate action, such as a taxi, porter, hotel bell-boy, etc. We frequently wondered if there were not some way by which one could call those teeming thousands who seemingly don't know they have a soul, to accept the Gospel. We really wish we could invent a sound by which we could attract the attention of the masses of people in Cuba, and point them to God.

Never since I was in Algiers, Africa, something over two years ago, have I been face to face with such startling needs as one faces in Havana, Cuba. The people jostle to and fro down the street. They go with lightning speed. Everybody is on the jump—going, I wonder where. One would think they would have a thousand wrecks a day at the speed with which they travel down the one-way streets, alleys and passage ways, everybody honking his horn or shouting. Thousands of Cuban people seem to be employed for the main purpose of assisting the tourists to get rid of their money. Tourists come from all parts of the world and especially from America. From them you hear in the hotel lobbies a mused phrase: "I have wired for more money."

Indeed, after the first twelve hours in that exceedingly sinful city, having quitted ourselves for a few moments alone with the Lord in a hotel room, which was, however, anything but quiet, our soul went up to God in thanksgiving for the praying friends who gave the *Defenders* the vision of going to Cuba. In all the cities and countries, in which we have traveled, we have never seen one where a *Defenders' Conference* is more needed.

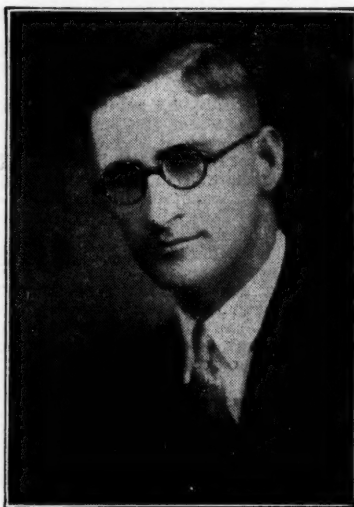
It is difficult to realize that such an enormous population, so near to the shores of Florida, could be so comparatively neglected, as far as the light of the Gospel is concerned. The wide open saloon is, of course, an attraction to many "wet" tourists. Some of these pseudo-statesmen, who are ranting just now about the sins of Prohibition, should be made to live in Cuba a while to see the ravages and havoc of King Alcohol. Oh, the misery, squalor, sorrow, poverty and degradation of rum in Cuba!

Moreover, the grip of the Roman Church makes it anything but easy for the Protestant forces to do a constructive work. The purpose of my visit was to arrange for carrying the *Defenders'* testimony there. I believe God has opened the way by this means for a shaft of Gospel light to be thrust into the darkness of that neglected island. The *Defenders* are trusting that the present Convention in Havana may be the opening wedge which will pry doors open for future Gospel developments. Pray to this end.

The pastor of the Temple Baptist Church, Dr. McCall, and his associate, Rev. Caudill, very graciously offered The *Defenders* the use of their spacious church building. They have a marvelous edifice and a great school, where hundreds of little Cuban children receive their education, as taught them by

consecrated Baptist teachers from the homeland. In the Presbyterian Church we found three different church groups worshipping: The Chinese people, the American-speaking Cuban people of the Presbyterian denomination, and what is known as the Union Church of Havana. Pastor Senti, of the Presbyterian Spanish work, with whom we had a splendid visit through an interpreter, appeared to be a lovely brother. The Methodist Church and public school enterprise was of great interest. They, like the Baptist, gather hundreds of Cuban children and give them a secular education under Christian influences. Rev. W. Cunningham, Pastor in charge of the school, is a hard-working gentleman on the field.

We also had the great pleasure of meeting missionary Arthur Paine of Jaruco, who has a marvelous missionary work in that city, also a number of out-stations in neighboring towns. Brother and Sister Paine have labored in that community for thirty years. God has marvelously rewarded them for the energetic way in which they have been doing service for the King in that benighted land. They have four wonderful sons, two of whom are now in Whea-



George D. Blomgren

Mr. Blomgren is Field Secretary for The *Defenders* of the Christian Faith.

ton College, securing a higher education, preparing themselves for work. The two boys, who are now back in Cuba, having received their education in this country, seem every bit as energetic as their father. While Mr. Paine and I were walking down the street, having visited the Presbyterian Church, we suddenly noticed his young boy, Arthur, dealing with a Catholic priest on a street-corner, making a desperate attempt to lead him to the Lord. The delight with which his heart seems to bubble over struck me forcibly. Cuba's hope seems to lie in more such missionaries.

The next *Defender* will very likely carry a report of the Convention written by Mr. Winrod, whom we feel today, God is going to use mightily in Havana from March 25th to the 30th. Indeed, may we pray that the seed that will be sown at this Conference may grow to bear fruit. As the beautiful

Cuban pineapple trees lure the tourists, so may trees of this Gospel seed lure the poor, lost souls of the dear Cuban people.

We say prayer changes things, more yet, we believe it. Thus let us pray that in a short while, if the Lord carries, instead of hearing the sound of "PHST, PHST," there may be heard the sound of praises to His Name.

Keyser Reviews "Science, Christ And The Bible"

Dr. Leander S. Keyser, the well-known Defender of the Faith, of Springfield, Ohio, reviewed Mr. Winrod's new book, "Science, Christ and the Bible" in the March number of *The Bible Champion*. His review is as follows:

"A complimentary copy of this book, autographed by the author, lies before us, and we greatly appreciate his kindly remembrance. It is a stirring book; such as you would expect from the heart and brain of Mr. Winrod, a man who is not afraid to engage in polemics when he feels that the cause is worth while. This book has real spiritual value, for Mr. Winrod lays much emphasis on the mystical life, which simply means what Paul calls 'the life hid in Christ'—that is, true spiritual fellowship with the Triune God. Another valuable feature of the book lies in the fact that the harmony between the Bible and the science is asserted and quite frequently the proof is given. We need good strong books today showing this fact and making it clear. In these days a favorite employment of the skeptics and Modernists is to try to show that science is opposed to the teachings of the Bible. We are glad to note that Mr. Winrod promises a book that will show the agreement of the Bible with the established results of astronomy. While the book by Lucas A. Reed, *Astronomy and the Bible*, is a very good one, we need another on the same subject, and hope that Mr. Winrod will bring one out in a short time. Sometimes Mr. Winrod seems to discount theology, while at other times he speaks well of it, and regards it as necessary. Of course, in the first case he means a wrong, un-Biblical and purely speculative treatment; in the second, a true, scientific treatment of Biblical doctrine. Mr. Winrod commands a terse and graphic style. His book is so clearly written that he who runs may read."

This book is published by the Fleming H. Revell Company and may be ordered from The *Defender* Publishers, Wichita, Kansas. 156 pages. Price, \$1.25.

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ARE YOU GROWN UP?

A Quiet Confidential Talk with Christian Workers

By Paul Rader

"When I became a man I put away childish things" (1 Cor. 13:11).

The purpose of all our training is to turn us into "grown ups." If our education, our experiences and our chastenings do not change our childish ways, we are the sufferers of what science terms "arrested development."

Ask yourself, "Am I growing? How can I know I am progressing?" If you were in an automobile, would you say you are moving because you feel a trembling in the car? It may be only the engine moving. Your emotion-engine may be working, but are your spiritual feelings and emotions turning the wheels of your life along the road? God has asked you to talk for Him. What were your plans for yesterday? Did you accomplish yesterday's tasks for Jesus Christ? Did you drift? Did you follow the rut? If you were in an automobile, would you say you were moving because the wheels are going 'round? Why, dear friend, the wheels can be going around, like you can be going around, day after day without moving an inch. I have had this experience. Wheels will spin around in mud and soft earth and not move forward at all. Have you slipped into softness? Has your job, or your work for Christ, become the easy-to-do kind, the soft regular snap that does not call you to grips with Satan in fasting and prayer? There is only one proof of progress:

The scenery must change!

Only gripping faith on the chains of God's promise will make progress today over the kind of roads Christians must travel.

But How?

How shall I make sure of progress, of becoming "grown up?"

Probably the best way for us to see ourselves is to look at childishness. At what attitudes childishness takes. Perhaps this method may point the way out to progress.

Your Christian road is a pavement made up of blocks called tasks. Maybe that next task is to write a letter, telephone a friend or enemy, or a person with whom there has been some unpleasantness. The way you face your task shows whether you are grown up or still childish in your Christian living.

The childish way is to postpone any unpleasantness. The "grown up" way is to meet it at once. Oh, the tragedy in lives where childish methods are brought to face the stern "grown up" problems of progress. How very much of all our Christian work is done in childish methods of evasion. Hear the chorus of "put off," "I'll do that tomorrow," "Some time I'm going to do that, Lord," "Yes, that's a good method, but it won't work in our church," "You know I just can't get to it," "That's all right for others, but I'm different," "Now the girls I teach have funny ideas," "You know boys can't be handled that way."

Can't you hear the wheels slipping around the soft earth? Doesn't such talk just take all the chains off the wheels? Do you talk like that? Such folks still expect Papa or Mama to make decisions for them. They are probably working with some strong

Papa or Mama who does make decisions so that the work goes on for Christ around them, but not through these who still in childishness refuse to meet the problems in stalwart prayer, faith and work.

Decide now to meet your next heart-task without excuse, without blaming others — without evasion. Christ in you will become Victor in you to meet it.

"Pull The Net"

Evasion has weakened the church of our day. It is so easy to teach the lesson in the class, say pleasant things, give advice, but hard, very hard, to "pull the net" to bring the members of that class to a decision for Christ—sooner just let it slip. We are taking the easy way. We are evading the real issue. We are going around our task. We are not putting on the promises of God as chains and praying our way "through." How easy to preach if you don't "pull the net." How nice the sermon is if there is no hook for the gills in it. How easy it is for you to talk to your neighbor or friend if you don't "pull the net." How pleasant are your remarks, and, oh, how useless if you evade the personal question of his relation to Jesus Christ. It's lovely to be a child, but it is tragedy to meet a man's God-given commission with childish methods of evasion.

"Sucking Your Thumb"

See him sitting there, dear little fellow, with his thumb in his mouth, pouting. He is mad. He has met a circumstance which his child weakness cannot master. His reaction is to pout. Of course, there is no solution to the problem, ever, in pouting, but a child must do something when he's stumped, so he pouts.

He is not interested in solutions, just personal successes.

Are you still meeting your problems by pouting, or have you allowed the Holy Ghost to lead you to the end of self, and then fill you with Himself and His enabling? Young Christians pout, because they can't "put it over" with their own personality. Old Christians who have "lost out" pout because they are not noticed enough. The spirit-filled Christian takes the chains of His promises to do in and for them, "above all that we ask or think."

Such failures start in our own hearts. These failures can be changed to victory right now if you will this moment meet the issue in prayer. Confess this childishness, meet the issue now. The Holy Ghost will flood your heart with power, courage, grace. "Thoroughly furnished unto every good work." That is God's promise — (a chain) for your wheels of progress.

Having Fits

"Religious fits" is a form which childishness takes when it doesn't like the next step in the road. This trick to keep from meeting the issue and deciding some method of progress is "to take your doll clothes and dolly and go home." Yes, just make a scene, throw a fit, call 'em hypocrites and go home to sulk, just to sulk.

Oh, how many preachers, deacons, elders, Sunday-school teachers, Christian workers,

have met the unpleasant situation in the road after this manner! Have you quit? Whom did you leave? "Oh, I left that bunch of hypocrites." Yes? Just where did you leave Christ in all this? Where did the others who need help and service go for aid?

A child will do this kind of thing, and who will not forgive it? It's only a child, but my friend in Jesus, my brother, sister in Christ, the point is that ours is a "grown up" task of world evangelization and this childish method is the method used so largely in the place of "grown up" methods which the Holy Ghost in His baptism will give. The Holy Ghost will give grace to go on with your task and service, take the insult, take the slander, take the lie, without answering back. You may change from the field of workers, but don't sulk, don't quit your God-given task. You may have to fight with another group of warriors, but fight on. Put on the chains of "grown up" promises and pray your way through. The Holy Ghost will enable you to go forward. "I put away childish things."

Harness

Restraint of the childish appetites arouse anger. He maddens if play is stopped or excitement is checked, or candy is denied, or he cannot sit up late. Restraint is harness to the "grown up." By the restraints which he allows the Lord to fasten upon him, he lets the Lord pull the wheels of progress around. "His yoke is easy, His burden is light," the "grown up" sings. I have heard Christians sing it who would not move in a pew to make room for another person. I have heard Christian workers sing it who would not give others a chance to work for Christ, because they were so busy thinking of their own delight in serving the Lord.

I know many Christian failures who are now professional "pouters." They do it perfectly. They have kept it up so long that it is an art with them. They are known as "pouters," so candy and kindness is passed to them first lest they pull their "pout" in public, and spoil things which the servants of Christ are trying to do. These "pouters" are put in office by kind people to see if this will not get rid of their "pout." I can show you defunct organizations today, organizations which once had power with God, but have lost it now because the "pouters" pouted until they were put in charge of the "works." Now it's all a program to pacify the "pouters."

When you met your last task in the road, did you make it a personal issue? Was it a task that called upon self to die, and Christ to have His way? Did you surrender self and pray through or did you "pout?" Is your faith thumb gripping God, or is it in your mouth? I talked with a pastor who enjoyed his work very much, but had never seen that others desire to bear the yoke. He saw the light because at an afternoon prayer meeting he was filled with the Holy Spirit, and over night changed from childhood to "grown up" just like the young wife changed that day she became a mother. Plans rushed through her head and heart not for herself now, but for this beautiful baby in her arms. This pastor went back to his church with a head and heart full of plans for others, whereas before his plans had circled the exploiting of his own personality.

A child wants to "show off" and do it all. "Grow up" and you will lose sight of yourself in your labors for Him. We need more "grown up" Christians to unite in pushing the Gospel out.

"EVIDENTLY WHAT PROHIBITION NEEDS is a dry cleaning."—Dallas News.

Arrange to meet your friends in Chicago next May. You have plenty of time to make preparations. Plan your vacation early.

"HE ROSE AND WAS SEEN"

By Dr. John M. MacInnis
Los Angeles, Calif.

"He Rose." That changes everything. "He was seen." That makes it sure. Now we can confidently say that the last word is not with death but with life—the Resurrection is the key to the life of the ages. Dr. Joseph Klausner, a Russian Jew, and an outstanding scholar, wrote a book on Jesus of Nazareth, which is one of the ablest treatments of that subject by an orthodox Jew since the day of Paul. He closes his chapter on the crucifixion with this significant sentence: "Here ends the life of Jesus and here begins the history of Christianity."

To write history thus is to defy facts. To say that the life of Jesus ended at the cross is to miss hopelessly the story of the last two thousand years. Saul of Tarsus made a desperate effort to put a period at that point because to have it otherwise was to destroy his theology and his interpretation of religion and life. Christ alive again was the one thing he could not stand because that would disrupt all his theories. When Stephen said that Jesus was raised from the dead, Saul, with a religious passion, joined others in putting him to death. The story of Jesus beyond the cross must be silenced at any cost. So Stephen was stoned to death. But as Stephen bore his last testimony for Christ and the Resurrection, Saul saw something in his face from which he was never able to escape. He saw a light break through that could only be a response to reality. Stephen said he saw Jesus waiting to receive him into a new world. What if Jesus was alive and Stephen was looking into His face? If it was not that, what could explain the wonderful light that he saw break like a flood of sunshine in his transfigured countenance? These were the questions which started a struggle in Saul's bosom that was not settled until it was settled in the presence of the living Christ.

That light troubled him and he could not free himself from the thought of it until at last it broke full upon him on the Damascus way and he encountered in it the Christ he was trying to evade. Here he was face to face with Jesus of Nazareth—the same Jesus as was crucified at Jerusalem, and He was alive, and carrying forward the things "which He began to do and to teach," while He was in the flesh. There Paul discovered that the cross, instead of being the final period in the story of Jesus, was the exodus by which in resurrection power He passed on to a new order and began the creation of a new world. That is the New Testament story and Paul discovered that it could not be changed.

To put the period at the cross would be to disrupt history and to do violence to the testimony of honest men. This discovery revolutionized the life of Saul and from that day he became the bond slave of the living Christ. It makes all the difference in the world as to where a man tries to put the final period in the story of Jesus. This is strikingly brought out in the following statement by one of the most careful and painstaking thinkers of our day: "There can surely be little doubt that if one can believe in the fact of the resurrection and the empty grave, it makes far better history of the whole story than any form of the vision theory. It makes sense and unity of all events, it makes the disciples intelligible as human being all through, instead of resolving them into psychical riddles; above all, it makes a unity of the figure of Jesus Christ and sense of the New Testament. Finally . . . it gives us a pro-

found and illuminating revelation of the innermost nature of the universe instead of making the riddle of the painful earth still more difficult, as it unquestionably does, if the earthly story of Jesus ends with the cross rather than with the Resurrection."

These words from Dr. Cairns are freighted with meaning and contain the throbbing heart of the Easter message.

This message gives unity to the tragic story of suffering and shame that culminated in the cross and points to the solution of the whole problem of suffering and evil. It also explains the transformation and the power in the lives of the apostles and manifests the power that is the guarantee of the victory of righteousness in our individual lives and in the life of the universe. It sets forth Jesus as the Son of God with authority and declares that His life of love was not a delusion.

While by the hands of lawless men He was crucified and slain, He conquered death and went forward into a new world leading captivity captive. In this conquest He revealed the innermost nature of the universe and demonstrated once and for all that the victory is not with sin and lawlessness and death, but with love, life and immortality. Above all, Easter makes it clear that God is free in His own universe to do whatever is necessary to realize His plan and purpose. Here we have a display on a chosen field of history and in "an acute moment of time" of the free and unfettered love of God overcoming frustrations and adversities and accomplishing its purposes in the face of the antagonisms of earth and hell.

"The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed.
Let shouts of holy joy outburst,
Alleluia!"

Christ rose and was seen, and shall be seen again.

LIFE AND IMMORTALITY

By Rev. Keith L. Brooks,
Editor Bible Lovers' Digest
2003, Addison Way, Los Angeles



Keith L. Brooks

The writer believes it is a matter of utmost importance to understand the distinction which the Scripture seems to make between "life" and "immortality," both of which were brought to light through the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Life (spiritual) is the present gift to all who accept Jesus Christ as crucified and risen Saviour. This life is communicated here below immediately upon acceptance of Him. Immortal life is represented as a future gift to be bestowed at the resurrection day upon all who possess eternal life.

"Whosoever eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood," said our Lord, "hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day." (Jn. 6:54). Here we see the intimate connection between the present gift of life and the future gift of resurrection life.

We have an illuminating passage in Jn. 5:24-29. "The hour is coming and NOW IS, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God," and they that hear shall live." This doubtless refers to the spiritually dead. (Eph. 2:1.) "He that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me HATH everlasting life and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death UNTO LIFE." In this sense, people are still being brought to life every day.

But get the subsequent statement. "The hour is COMING in which all that are in the GRAVES shall hear His voice and shall come forth (Contrast "live" in v. 25); they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." Immortal life, for believers, therefore awaits the resurrection day.

The two resurrections are separated by a period of 1000 years. (Rev. 20:5.) Those who appear in the first, or "resurrection of life," are those who have "passed from death unto life." (v. 24.) For them, there is no judgment as to destiny. Over them, the second death has no power. Resurrection brings to them that fuller life, IMMORTALITY.

We frequently hear the expression, "immortal soul." The writer does not find it, or its equivalent, in the Scripture. We do not speak of a "mortal soul" or a "mortal spirit." The word "mortal" has to do with a perishable BODY. "Immortal" obviously means the opposite, an imperishable body. The bestowing of this, according to 1 Cor. 15:51-53, awaits the Second Coming. This being true, the statement of 1 Tim. 6:16, that Christ only "hath immortality," is plain. His body alone, has been rescued from the grave and brought to full resurrection glory.

It is true that men have souls and spirits which are not subject to death in the sense of annihilation. (1 Thess. 5:23.) This has to do with existence and continuity, but is not to be confused with immortality, which is Christ's gift to the saints at His return.

What light has been shed upon the meaning of immortality? We need only to study our Lord's resurrection appearances. In Lk. 24:36-45, we see Him bringing immortality to light. "It is I myself," He said. "Handle me and see . . . I have flesh and bones." He asked for something to eat and partook of broiled fish and honeycomb. That which had been dead and buried was alive again forever in a glorified and incorruptible form. (Rev. 2:5.) Nothing short of this is the immortality coming to the believer. (1 Cor. 15:20.)

So long as death holds the believer's body, or he has a body which is subject to dissolution, it cannot be said that immortality is reigning. Mortality must be "swallowed up of life" or death is not abolished. This mortal is not immortal until it has "put on immortality" and he has a deathless body. That will never be until the resurrection at Christ's coming for His saints.

The question of life after death is another matter altogether. All, whether saved or unsaved, have existence apart from the body. The believer has something more than existence apart from the body—he has spiritual and eternal life, the life of God. Eventually he will have that still further form of life, immortality, which already has been brought to light by our risen Lord.

Latest Word from the Ivory Coast

Stranger than fiction are the reports which are being sent to *The Defender* by Rev. R. S. Roseberry, the veteran Christian Alliance missionary in Africa. It was back in 1914 that William Wade Harris, a black man from Liberia, appeared in the Ivory Coast, preaching with noble unction. Ten years elapsed before the outside world knew of the great mass movement which resulted in no less than one hundred thousand converts, and in the establishing of more than 200 native churches.

Nothing was done to organize the Harris converts for ten years, but when the field was finally visited by white missionaries, they found that the results were still permanent. Today we witness an invasion of Mohammedanism and Modernism into this vast area which experienced such a spiritual awakening during the few months of the Harris campaign. The attention of *The Defender* was first attracted by a report which appeared in the *Ilterary Digest*.

A letter from Mr. Roseberry, written February 10th, in the Ivory Coast, says that it is his judgment that the first mission station should be opened at the village Gagnoa, instead of the city of Man, as previously suggested. By the time this report reaches the *Defender* Family, Mr. Roseberry will have the mission station started. From this center it is expected that Harris converts will be trained in Bible knowledge for the purpose of returning to their homes to teach and evangelize. This station is made possible through the gift of \$1,000.00 by *Defender* readers.

Mr. Roseberry's present tour through the Ivory Coast is being financed by *Defender* friends. The first installment of his report, written in the Ivory Coast, appeared in the March issue. The second half of the report, which was continued from last month, is as follows:

Roseberry's Report

Mr. and Mrs. Richard of the French Society, are companions in the present survey, traveling with us in the Ford truck. The trip, which was prepared so hurriedly at Bamako for the purpose of protecting us from the blazing sun and periodical rains, is much appreciated as we jostle over the rough roads.

The results of the preaching of Prophet Harris have exceeded my fondest expectations. It is almost unbelievable that these patient, black people could have held so tenaciously to the few crumbs of Gospel truth with which they were converted. Prophet Harris was certainly a God-called and a God-anointed preacher of the Word. He told the black villagers every place he preached that some day a white man would come who would instruct them further. They have waited patiently all these years and now for the first time they are setting the Gospel. God will reward *The Defenders of the Faith* for making this possible.

We left Sassandra after giving several messages to both English and Menika speaking people. Pigeon English, the vernacular which Prophet Harris used, is spoken all along the coast by many of the natives. It requires considerable change in one's vocabulary and grammar to master it. We had now started on our real mission of seeking traces of the mass movement. We passed by the route to Buvo, where there is a fine native church. A group of

Ashanti people from the Gold Coast some years ago settled in the western part of the Ivory Coast. They had come in contact with the Christian religion in the Gold Coast and after some time at Buvo they were convicted of their sins and began to pray. They built a small church and appointed a leader, the most intelligent man among them. Feeling their need of more help they sent a delegation to Sassandra, two hundred kilometers away, to beg assistance from Mr. Richard, who had only lately opened up work there. He made the trip inland with his wife and baby, going as far as possible by motor truck. The motor truck was heavily loaded and the traveling was not very comfortable. They went to Soubre located on the Sassandra river. Here they went forward by canoe. Rapids are numerous in this river which made it necessary to walk around them at different stages of the journey and take other canoes. Going upstream, the progress was slow and the sun burning hot. This river abounds in hippopotamii and care had to be taken or the canoe might be upset and all precipitated into the swift current. These huge beasts are exceedingly dangerous when disturbed and can easily upset a canoe. When they reached Buvo they were badly sunburned, marks of which can still be seen on baby Sarah's feet. They were gladly received by the people and led to the village church where they conducted a prayer meeting. The missionary was entertained free of charge while he was there and loaded with gifts when he departed. Here was a self-supporting church in the heart of a wild forest, a people who loved the Word and welcomed the servants of God with open arms.

After preaching there for several days, three were buried in baptism in the river.

After leaving Sassandra we stopped at Gagnoa for the first night. This is a government post about a hundred and fifty kilometers from Sassandra. Early in the morning we started forth to the market place to preach Christ to the Menika speaking people. We found good soil for the seed and sowed it liberally. We had to pass on and leave the results with Him whose ear hears every cry for light and truth.

From here we journeyed to Lakota, the next government post. We now kept our eyes open for any signs of Harris churches. Towns had become more frequent. When we were within five kilometers of Lakota we noticed a small building at one end of the village near the road. We called a halt and made inquiry. At first we had difficulty in making connection with their language but finally succeeded in French. At last we located a typical little Harris church. While dinner was preparing we went into the town for information. Men were found who could interpret, but they were either Catholic or Mohammedan, neither of which was very satisfactory to us to convey the message that we had come to bring.

After dinner we returned to the village mentioned. The small church was open and we entered. The leader had come in the meantime and we soon made our mission known. Mr. Ryan questioned him on what he taught the people and he gave a good outline of Jonah and the whale and also of Christ's mission to earth to save men. The church was packed with men, women and children who prompted the leader when he forgot. They had the ground-work of the message at least.

We then asked them if we could give them a talk. We had some pictures illustrating the sacrifice for sin in the Old Testament and Christ dying for our sins under the new covenant. They gladly assented and we gave our message. They then conducted a service of song which filled the church with African melody. They closed with prayer, all of their own accord. "Will you come back and help us?" they asked at the close of the service. "Surely we will come, we replied, "and train you to read the

Word." They cannot read the Word, neither had they any Bible. They were not cared for by any missionary society. A native of the Wesleyan society passed by here and offered them a Bible for sale, but they did not have the money and could not purchase it. That was the only visit that they seemed to have had. "Are there any more churches near here?" we inquired. "Yes," they replied, "and we will direct you to them." We were soon in the car speeding back the way we came in the morning. Some places the churches were not completed, but there was a leader going ahead doing what he could. We visited four churches that evening and several the next morning. In the Lakota district we would judge by what we were able to learn that there were a dozen or more of these small groups who have no help whatever and are desirous of having us take care of them in this district besides our society and the French Society at Sassandra would be the Wesleyan mission at Dabou and Labou. Some missionaries laboring in the Ivory Coast have no use for the Old Testament. Not a few are modernists. Let *Defender* friends pray that these humble Harris churches may be given the real light. How criminal it would be to betray them into modernism!

We were amazed at the great opportunities that confronted us. The hour has struck, we must go ahead and help them with the strength that He gives us.

A Bible school in this district to train these leaders to read the Word will be the first wedge in the block to open this whole district to the full light. The young men are eager to learn and have promised to come to any center nearby for training. Seven or eight towns were visited where we found groups of people who had either built or were preparing to build a church. So the Mass Movement is still advancing.

FINANCES

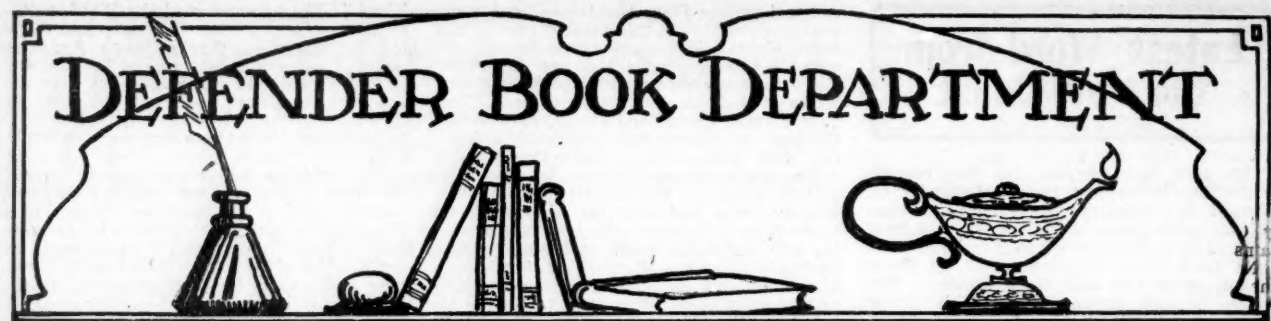
Gasoline costs 60c a gallon in the Ivory Coast. Mr. Roseberry's gasoline bill alone amounts to about \$50.00 a month. This amount is being supplied by *The Defender*. He has expressed the need of a stereopticon machine for making Bible truths real in Harris churches. It is hoped that this need may be met very soon.

It was a source of great encouragement to receive \$100.00 recently from a pastor in Springfield, Missouri. About two weeks later a second letter was received from him as follows: "Dear Brother Winrod: I am enclosing another offering for the Ivory Coast Mission work under Rev. Mr. Roseberry. This is from my wife and is a part of some money that came to her by inheritance, and now her living. So she probably will not have any more to give. She has been bed-ridden most of the time for a year. She was touched by Mr. Roseberry's article in the January *Defender* and is awaiting the next number for a further report. The amount she wishes me to enclose is \$200.00, and I trust that it will be greatly blessed."

Every cent received from *Defender* friends goes directly to the Ivory Coast. There is no denominational machinery to be financed.

Minister's Son Invents Invisible Ear Drum

The Invisible Antiseptic Ear Drum, invented by A. O. Leonard, a son of a widely known Methodist minister, for his own relief from extreme deafness and head-noises, has so greatly improved his hearing that he can join in any ordinary conversation, go to church and hear without difficulty. It is inexpensive and has proven a blessing to a multitude of people. Write for booklet to A. O. Leonard, Inc., suite 520, 70 Fifth Ave., New York City.



"BEACON LIGHTS OF FAITH," Author, C. F. Wimberly, Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company. Price \$1.50.

Dr. Wimberly is a prominent pastor in the Southern Methodist Church. He is well-known for his militant defense of the faith. The Beacon Lights to which he refers are the heroes of the church. It is at once evident that the author has delved into thousands of pages of history in garnering together the essential facts of religious biography contained in these pages. Here is a condensed and compact history of St. Augustine, John Wycliff, Tyndal, Latimer, Savonarola, Huss, Jerome, Joan of Arc, Martin Luther, Cranmer, Calvin, the French Huguenots, Knox, Arminius, Madame Guyon, Bunyan, Wesley, Asbury, Jonathan Edwards, George Muller, Finney, David Livingstone, Paton, Moody, Spurgeon and J. Hudson Taylor. Dr. Wimberly strikes the nail on the head when he says: "We wonder if any of our modern, concealed scholastics, who are presuming to teach our precious Book while placing question-marks on the inspiration and authenticity, would go to the stake, or suffer themselves to be pulled to pieces limb by limb, thrown into boiling oil, their tongues pulled from their mouths, or pierced with red-hot irons?"

"The blood of martyrs is the seed of the church." Here is a remarkable story, dealing with remarkable characters, told in a fascinating way.

"TWILIGHT REVERIES," Author Charles L. Goodell, Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company. Price \$1.50.

In spite of his connection with a modernistic organization, The Federal Council of Churches, Dr. Goodell has evidently retained his faith. He is executive secretary of the Commission on Evangelism for the Federal Council. In this volume there are published twenty inspirational and devotional themes, delivered on successive Sunday evenings over W.J.Z. and associated stations of the national broadcasting network. When the addresses were delivered, the author kept in mind the fact that there were a vast number of shut-ins and sick folk listening in, who were confined to their homes by physical limitations. The messages are full of faith, hope and good cheer. We find Dr. Goodell at his best in these sermons.

"TABERNACLE HYMNS NUMBER 3," Published by Tabernacle Publishing Company. Price 70c.

To the editor's desk there comes a beautifully morocco-bound copy, with his name stamped in gold. It was lovely of the publishers to remember him in this fashion. To say that this compilation of 352 hymns, together with 23 responsive readings, is remarkable, is to put it mildly. Here is a matchless collection of Gospel Hymns and Evangelistic Songs, adapted to all classes and types of people and religious gatherings. The best hymns of the faith, written by the world's most noted hymn writers adorn these pages. True to the faith and rich in worship, Tabernacle Hymns No. 3 will meet the need of every Sunday-school, church service and evangelistic campaign in which it is used. It is pleasant to observe that the publishers have arranged very attractive prices for quantity purchases.

"PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS," Author, Wm. R. Newell, Published by the Author. Price \$2.25.

Wm. R. Newell needs no introduction to Bible students, having been before the public more than thirty years. He is a recognized authority on the subjects which he treats. His Bible lectures and writings reveal a depth of thought and rare spiritual insight. He has read widely. He has studied profoundly. For a number of years he has conducted Bible Conferences in the United States, Canada and foreign countries. Students of the Word recognize him as the foremost Bible authority on the Book of Romans.

Dr. Newell has learned the power of the questioning method. This book is written on the Grecian method of philosophical questioning. Every passage of scripture is literally pulled to pieces by the question he propounds. The question is sometimes self-explanatory, but it makes the truth imbedded jump at the reader. Turn to page 21: "Who began this church at Rome? Was it Peter, as the Romish church of today claims?" (No apostle began the church at Rome. But Christians from Rome were all over the Roman world.) Of whom, Gentiles or Jews, was Peter the apostle? Galatians 2:7-9. There is not a hint, either in scripture, history or early tradition, that Peter ever even visited Rome. We know from Romans that Paul had not established

the church at Rome. God seems to have taken care that this church, which in later days would apostatize into a horrible mixture of Judaism and Paganism under the Christian name, should not have any foundation whatever for their blasphemous claims of 'apostolic succession', etc. Christians at Rome were gathered in 'assemblies', or households, generally, to remember their Lord, and it is not known what believers were first there."

This is a sample of the teaching method used throughout the book. The outlines are carefully arranged. Greek characters appear occasionally, when the author wants to bring out a hidden significance of the given text. It is at once evident that the labor involved in the preparation of this book represents the fruition of years. 376 pages are devoted to the Book of Romans. There is also a supplement of 53 pages on the Book of Acts. Bible students will be well repaid for perusing these pages.

"JESUS CHRIST AT THE CROSS ROADS," Author, A. Z. Conrad; Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, \$1.25.

Attention is called to the new edition of this book which is just off the press. Dr. Conrad draws a parallel between Modernism and Evangelical Christianity. Terse, condensed, compact, this book strikes sledge-hammer blows against Modernism. His "Defense of the Virgin Birth" and the inspiration of the scriptures is unanswerable. Every preacher who is being betrayed by the current false scholasticism, but has not yet reached the point of completely repudiating the supernatural claims made for Christ and Christianity, should read the chapter, "The Ministry and Modernism." His "Contrast and Comparison" shows how utterly impossible it is to ever hope to reconcile Modernism with the true Christian viewpoint. He shows that Modernism rejects everything supernatural and he also shows that everything basic in the Christian religion involves the supernatural. He sees little danger of over-emphasizing the miraculous element in Christianity. He fears that the danger is all in the other extreme. The unmistakable line of cleavage is drawn: "Truth is timeless. It is neither more nor less truth because of the date label of its discovery. Denials destroy no verities. Christianity rests on inescapable validities. In the religious thinking of today two directions are taken. Evangelicals represent a group definitely marked by the fixed course of doctrine. Modernists constitute another group whose direction is divergent from that of the evangelicals. The object of this book is to set in clear contrast these two dominant groups of professed Christians."

"EXPLORING THE BIBLE," Author, Frank E. Gaebelien; Published by Harper Brothers Company. Price, \$1.50.

Concerning this book Dr. Charles G. Trumbull, editor of the Sunday-school Times, says: "I am profoundly impressed and am unrestrainedly enthusiastic about it. I believe it is one of the most remarkable contributions to the popular and at the same time thoroughly cultured and rational study of the Bible in our generation." Mr. Gaebelien has prepared a book which is certain to meet the intellectual demands of the hour. It is particularly adapted to thinking people, who demand an intellectual ground-work for their faith. "The Beginning of Inspiration," "The Structure of the Bible," "The Bible and Spiritual Organism" and "Seven Guiding Principles for Bible Study," contain all that these powerful subjects suggest. The book contains 214 pages and is carefully indexed.

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT," Author, Robert L. Ripley; Published by Simon and Schuster. Price, \$2.00.

"All the names of God have four letters,
Lord English
JHVH (JeHOVaH) Hebrew
Deus Latin
Dieu French
Adat Assyrian
Godt Dutch
Gott German
Goth Danish
Goth Swedish
Soru Persian
Alla Mohammedan
Rama Hindu
Deva Sanscrit
Dios Spanish
Odin Scandinavian
Teos Greek
Zeus Greek mythology
Thor Viking

Amir Arabic
Amon Egyptian
Pena Inca
Aton Canaanish
Adnj Cabalistic
Agla Quechua
Inca Phoenician
Baal Persian
Deus Portuguese
Illu Syrian
Elah Aramaic
Kami Japanese
Shin
Hakk
lah
Ezid
Nebo
Bram
Hindustani

Chaldean
Aryan

... "Methuselah was the oldest man in the Bible and he died before his father." Ripley says, "The explanation of this is simple: Methuselah was the son of Enoch of whom it is written, 'By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and he was not found because God translated him.'" When Mr. Ripley published his cartoon with an illustrated statement that Lindbergh was the 67th man to make a non-stop flight over the Atlantic Ocean, he created an immediate sensation. 3,000 wrote in to tell him that 66 men did not make non-stop flights over the Atlantic before Lindbergh. However, Mr. Ripley was not mistaken. . . . People charged him with telling falsehoods when he says, through his newspaper cartoons, "that the day is 48 hours long, not 24"; that "Buffalo Bill never shot a buffalo in his life"; that "a man died of old age before he was seven years old"; that "a river runs backward"; that "a flower eats mice"; that "Napoleon crossed the Red Sea as Moses did, on dry land"; that "fish climb trees", etc. etc. etc. In the preface to this book he says that the mail brings about a thousand letters a week from readers who hope to catch him in error. In a recent issue of the American Magazine, he said that he had only actually been found mistaken once in his famous, "Believe It or Not" articles. That was in the instance when he said that Dr. Wm. B. Hogg could quote the entire Bible from memory. Dr. Hogg immediately wrote him that this was not true, but that he could quote approximately two-thirds of the Bible. (By the way, an article appears in this Defender, entitled, "A Trip to Tarshish," written by the same Dr. Hogg.) This is a book of mystery. It contains scores of drawings and mysterious statements with accompanying explanations like the one referred to above.

POLYCARP — A DEFENDER OF THE FAITH

(Continued from page 3.)

refused. He was threatened again, and again he refused.

A man ran through the stadium shouting, "Polycarp has confessed that he is a Christian." In response, the mob screeched: "Feed him to the lions," and "Throw him in the flames." In the center of the stadium, Polycarp's garments were removed, even down to his sandals, and the fagots were piled high about him. The fire was kindled and the yellow, fiendish flames roared upward. Another martyr was consumed.

"Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!"

Polycarp passed through martyrdom for his faith in the Lord, A. D. 155. He was a loyal and courageous Defender of the Faith. It has been said that: "The blood of martyrs is the seed of the church." Perhaps many professing Christians would live differently in our day if they would contemplate more seriously what the present Faith which they profess, actually cost in terms of work and suffering.

Nature's Resurrection Story

By Dr. A. P. Gouthey,
Seattle, Washington

We came to our camping place in early October — Wonder-time in the mountain

Nature was preparing for a mysterious change, and everywhere there were signs of its coming. The ferns along the brook were already ochre and old gold, and the swamp maples were aflame. The dogwoods were gorgeous as a sunset, and the mountain ash hung heavy with scarlet clusters. The sugar maples were splashed crimson, as though stabbed to the heart by the sword of early frost, and were slowly bleeding to death. Fiery festoons of poison ivy adorned the stones and stumps, and in the marsh wild ducks were feeding among the browning cat-tails. A pair of sad old cranes walked sedately in the shallow water near the shore of the lake, the very picture of despair, as though they considered themselves chief mourners at the passing of summer. The crows, who feel no southward impulse, but are always strangely moved by the spell of autumn, circled overhead in noisy uproar, trying to decide upon the most advisable pine for their afternoon symposium.

Across the lake the mountain slopes were festal with color. The poplars wore richly-dyed burnt sienna gowns, trimmed with silver, and delicate white birches leaned far out over the water where their pale yellow leaves were reflected in the crystal depths. Wine colored willows stooped down shyly to caress languid water lilies dying on seedy stems.

Obedient to the frost, the acorns were falling, and scurrying among the dry leaves, chipmunks were harvesting the crop for winter use. A partridge drums in solitary transport where the thorn bush flamed among the firs. Cobalt dragon flies were skimming the water, and lighting upon dry weeds shook down showers of seeds. The alders were damson-colored, and each morning the ground was spread with frost jewelry, which harbingered the fierce black frosts following close at hand.

Thus does October go through the mountains scattering rare gifts of color, pale harvest moons, days of mellow warmth and transporting sunsets, all prophetic of mysterious change. Nor have we long to wait for the fulfillment of her prophecy. November follows close with drawn sword of frost and cutting, snow-flecked wind. Fiercely as a cavalry charge, he gallops through the woods, stabbing every lingering blossom to death, and shaking the last tattered leaves from their frosty hangings. The days grow pale and languid, and the lingering breath of warmth at noonday gets shorter and shorter.

One's heart becomes strangely pensive as one stands beside the couch of summer watching her slowly pass away. At length the end comes. With a convulsive shudder she folds her hands and the sunset hangs black clouds of crepe along the west. Pale moonlight kisses her silent form while the stately firs stand guard. Snow-flakes fall and cover the new-made grave, and the wind sighs and wails through naked branches, refusing to be comforted. The snow clings to the firs and pines, converting each into a tomb-stone, and overhead the thronging stars wear a restless look.

But with the coming of April there will be signs which will make the heart leap with hope. Warm winds will blow down the valley, and melting snow banks will melt and join the laughter of the brook. Everywhere, swift and enchanting changes will come to sky, and lake, and woodland. The

Archangel of Spring will sound his resurrection trumpet and dead summer will begin to stir in her grave of thawing leaves.

The earth will thrill with new impulses, which will quickly transform cold, barren sod into springing grass and buds and flowers. The shrunken woods will expand and the stars will shine with a new, tender light. The birds will flutter through the thickets, exploring secret places, choosing homes, and begin to build nests. The pussy-willows will don new Easter gowns of pearl-gray trimmed with yellow. Maple, ash and oak will stand again, veiled in transparent green, embroidered with pink, and the early violets, blooming at their feet, will glance shyly up at every passerby. Cuddled close to sun-warmed stones, wearing cloaks lined with sapphire and maroon, will bloom the hepatica, and close by, the bloodroot will open exquisite petals from slim buds, that may be scattered by a touch. In the moist places the cowslips will begin to look timidly out from among dark green leaves, and among them, at evening, the "peeper frogs" will take up their eerie song only to be silenced in ghostly fashion by an unfamiliar noise. Sunlit rain will spangle the trees, and skimming wings will catch the sunrise colors. The days will grow longer and longer; the nights more and more balmy. The song of the thrush will grow sweeter and sweeter and the mellow whistle of the blue bird will float up again from every lane where, with his mate, he will build in a hollow fence-post. Joy will once more become a close-dwelling thing amid the endless beauty of spring's enchanting touch.

While God has not left us to this prophecy of nature alone for assurance of immortality, yet how wondrously does all of this speak to those who have eyes to see, and ears to hear, of a glorious tomorrow when life, buried in the wintry tomb of death, shall respond to the voice of God, and break forth into a glorious spring-time of immortal splendor. And, unlike the changing seasons, we are told that this life shall not pass from summer to autumn, and from autumn to winter, but shall, on the light-bathed hills of God's redeemed world bloom and expand, in unending beauty, while the endless years become lost in unnumbered eons. How precious the prospect! How transporting the hope! How the promise meets the deepest hunger of the heart, and pours consolation on our sorrow!

Nature has given us some amazing demonstrations, but never has she experienced a triumph over death such as awaits men and women who have fallen asleep in Christ. Then shall be enacted another genesis a thousand-fold more glorious than the first, and an exodus infinitely more illustrious than was led by Moses. Then shall truth triumph over error, and the cross give way to the crown. Then shall bodies, torn and twisted by pain, and finally conquered by death, come forth in undying form, radiant with the transforming touch of Deity, to stand forever an imperishable monument to Him who is the resurrection and the life.

"Oh scenes, surpassing fables, and yet true!
Scenes of accomplished bliss! which, who can see,
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
His soul refreshed with foretastes of the joy?"

Those Alliance Questions

Several letters have been received during the last month, concerning the four questions asked under the heading "Alliance Questions" in the March issue. A preacher in New Jersey says that by all means the matter should be treated thoroughly.

We have decided to give the forces responsible a further opportunity to correct the innuendos and insinuations, which have been thrown out against the Defenders and the Couriers.

Presbyterian Editor Ousted

Dr. Samuel G. Craig, who was for many years editor of *The Presbyterian Magazine* (Philadelphia), was ousted a few weeks ago because of his staunch defense of historic and evangelical Christianity as against the inroads of Modernism into his denomination. In his final statement he said that the action taken against him was because "of the editorial policy I have steadfastly pursued, especially with reference to Princeton and Westminster Theological Seminaries."

Dr. Craig was one of the men who has dared to oppose the reorganization of Princeton Theological Seminary under one Board of control rather than under two Boards. He has always held that this change was the opening wedge which Modernists were using to pry Princeton loose from her foundations and eventually deliver her to the Modernists. Dr. Craig is by no means alone in his belief. Robert Dick Wilson, one of the world's greatest Christian leaders, J. Gresham Machen, an international figure, and Oswald T. Allis, a noted Presbyterian leader, have cooperated with Dr. Craig in launching Westminster Seminary, where the abandoned evangelical ideals of Princeton are being cherished.

"Time," the weekly news magazine, states the proposition tersely: "Princeton Theological Seminary, rich in lawns, leafage and endowment, long dedicated to old evangelical doctrine, underwent changes in control which guaranteed that its attitude and influence would hereafter be modernistic."

Dr. W. Cortland Robinson, who has been pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Delhi, N. Y., was appointed editor of *The Presbyterian* to follow Dr. Craig. While Dr. Robinson is reported to be tolerant toward Modernism, it is reliably stated that he is not a modernist. He said in his first editorial: "There is no doubt a field for a journal devoted to theological debate, but in its long history this has been an important, though a secondary, objective of *The Presbyterian*, its chief mission being the diffusion of Christian knowledge and the spiritual nurture of its readers."

Dr. Robinson is mistaken if he means for his editorial to imply that this magazine has been lacking in "diffusion" of Christian knowledge and "the spiritual nurture of its readers" under Dr. Craig's leadership. No magazine published by any denomination has attained a higher standard of service along these lines than *The Presbyterian*. It will not be successfully disputed that Dr. Craig is an expert editor and has delivered to his Presbyterian constituents one of the finest religious magazines in existence. His contemporaries will miss his writings and it is hoped by many that he will soon enter the field of religious journalism again.

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A TICKET TO TARSHISH

(Continued from page 6.)

of God. A terrible storm is brewing ahead of every Tarshish-bound boat; and somewhere ahead it will cross your path. Every traveler away from God who hears these words may take notice now and prepare to face the hurricane. God can not be true to Himself and let the wicked pass unmolested in the journey to eternal disaster. God would be putting a premium on sin, and making easy the pathway to Hell.

The crew are hurried to their posts by the loud commands of the master of the ship. Every bit of cargo is securely fastened; every precaution is taken to meet the storm.

"All passengers below decks," commands the excited captain. Again, "All hands at the oars, strain every nerve and sinew! Helmsman, hold her to the land course. It seems that all the wrath of all the Gods is behind this wind and troubled sea!"

The record says the mariners were afraid, and cried every man to his God. Terror stricken sailors who had weathered the seas cried in pleading voices to their many gods. The Chinaman, bemoaning the evil fortune that led him into such a tempest, cried to Confucius; that dark native of India fell on his knees, imploring Buddha to save the ship. The Brahman wailed his prayer to his divine protector! The man from Persia cried to Zoroaster to take his fire from the flaming sky and hush these troubled seas! Every soul on that ill-fated vessel cried for mercy from the god he knew—all except one.

The ship master cries: "Where is that man that got on at Joppa with a ticket to Tarshish?"

They made a careful search but Jonah could not be found. In every deck, in every nook and cranny of the ship, they sought for that one passenger who had not been heard to pray. Jonah is asleep in the sides of the ship. He must have been in a terrible stupor to sleep at such a time! But sin always stupefies. Tired of the crowd, guilty at heart, sickened in spirit at his fleeing from the path of duty, the poor, back-slidden prophet has hidden himself in the hold of the ship. No wonder he hid. A man whom God had blessed and honored with a call to preach in Nineveh; a man whom God had taken into His divine plans, was now sailing away with the Godless rabble on a pagan ship. The only man on the ship with a call to religious leadership was the only one that slept through the storm. The religious leader was the only passenger with no burden, and whose lips were not calling on his God! How many parents, wrapped up in the pleasures of life, and lost in the quest for things, are absolutely indifferent to the spiritual welfare of their children! How many who call themselves Christians, can not be interested in a movement in the community to save the souls of their friends from disaster! You will find people asleep, like Jonah — the backslider, in the pew, and sometimes in the pulpit!

They found the sleeping backslider at last. The ship master said to him, "WHAT MEANEST THOU, O SLEEPER? ARISE, CALL UPON THY GOD." Jonah awoke startled and asked, "WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?"

The captain told him of the storm, "TROUBLE? Why the worst sea that ever lashed a ship threatens to tear us to pieces any moment! This is the doing of some god! The anger of all the gods must be turned loose on this poor ship. O, sleeper, how can you sleep at a time like this when

every man is on his knees before his god?"

The captain, a pagan, felt the need of prayer; the crew of many strange faiths called on their gods, and now they seek to arouse the sleeping, indifferent soul of Jonah that should have been at this moment on the firing line for God in Nineveh.

Slowly Jonah realized what was happening; slowly he came to himself like the prodigal of the New Testament. He cries, "I can not call on my God, I'm running away from Him, I am hiding from His will for my life!"

The crew were so disturbed, so terrified in this storm of increasing fury that they attempted in their crude way to learn the cause of the divine anger, and find the guilty soul. They cast lots and the guilt fell on Jonah, son of Amittai, prophet of Nineveh! Immediately they turned on him with questions. Yes, the irreligious world about us has a right to ask us some embarrassing questions when we sleep in stupid indifference in the storms of skepticisms, immorality, home-destruction, and devilish opposition to the ongoing of the Lord's work! They asked him, "WHAT IS THINE OCCUPATION, FROM WHAT COUNTRY OR PEOPLE DO YOU COME?" O, how that pierced the guilty, backslidden soul of Jonah!

Jonah cried, "O, I am a preacher; I ought to be right now in the front lines leading the fight for God in Nineveh! O, I am a yellow coward, I am a cringing slacker. I am running from God's plan for my life. O, I am from a religious people, I was taught right, I know better. That makes my guilt and cowardice all the blacker! I tried to evade my responsibility, and escape the suffering and self denial of a real servant of God. I am on my way to Tarshish to leave God and duty behind. O, wretch that I am; it is the wrath of GOD towards me that drives your little ship in this terrible storm. I am the cause of it all!"

The condemnation was general on that ship. The man that should have been the inspiration and comfort of the voyage, became the menace and burden of the trip. They asked him frankly what ought to be done with a man who knew God and fled from Him; a man who was trained right and went wrong; a man that would by his own indifference and neglect of God's will, bring tragedy upon a ship load of souls. Jonah passed sentence upon himself. "THROW ME OVERBOARD, FOR FOR MY SAKE THIS GREAT TEMPEST IS UPON YOU." He at least was honest. Many today are ready to blame all about them for the tempests that vex us so, when the guilt so often lies upon their own souls.

The pagan crew tried to save the back-slidden follower of Jehovah from the fate of the sea, and rowed hard to bring the ship to land. But finally in utter hopelessness, they prepared Jonah for his doom. They laid hold on the trembling preacher, heard his farewell warning: "Men, hear me, obey the Lord; whatever the cost; you can not get by with disobedience; sooner or later the storm will cross your path. I have destroyed a cargo, a vessel, cast adrift this shipload of fellow travelers; cast me into the lashing sea. Let me pay the price." There was a splash, a bit of foaming water, a floating turban—he is gone.

Did you see that swirling movement in the water? What a fish! And moving past the spot where the trembling prophet fell!

That was the most disappointed fish that ever swallowed! He thought he would get a bit of garbage cast off from the ship, but all he got was a back-slidden preacher!

Jonah came to in the belly of the whale. Rather crowded quarters for ocean travel, worse than steerage. Sea weed enwrapped him, dead fish perfumed him, whale spit moistened him! Some man will say that it is impossible for Jonah to live in the belly of a whale; the ventilation was too bad! That's none of my business when one begins to weigh Bible truth in the scales of human minds to find out its possibility, you may as well junk the whole business. For it is not possible then for God to be self created; nor Jesus to become incarnated; nor Christ to burst the tomb, nor for our Lord to ascend to Heaven and sit down at the right hand of God. Yes, I believe that Jonah was in that whale's belly, for Jesus believed it and taught it. So I am at least in good company if others leave me here.

Yes, the story goes on to say that Jonah held one of the strangest prayer meetings this planet ever saw. The leader was Brother Jonah, the meeting place was a whale's belly, the audience one backslider and the other contents of the whale's stomach. Jonah could pray, and quote scripture. He quoted from seven Psalms, First and Second Kings, Isaiah and Hosea. Practically every man on his way to the Far Away Land can quote enough scripture to hold a good prayer meeting. Jonah was fervent too in his praying: He said, "I WILL LOOK AGAIN TOWARD THAT HOLY TEMPLE." He was so anxious to see just one more church; he asked for just one more chance to preach. He certainly did want to see God's Holy Temple! He continued: "I will sacrifice unto Thee with the voice of thanksgiving." He is ready now to pay any price for service and he says he will do it with thanksgiving. He would be glad to get back in the straight and narrow road whatever the burden, how heavy the cross. He closed his prayers with this: "I will pay that that I have vowed." He is ready now to keep his vow to forsake the world, the flesh and the devil. He is ready to keep the vow of a prophet, to go anywhere, suffer any self-denial and hardship! That was a very successful prayer meeting in that whale's belly, for the one penitent present is now ready to do God's will!

How like all of us was Jonah in this terrible situation! Each of us who has ever wandered from the path of duty, has promised God in the quiet place that we will be more faithful in the future, that we will make any sacrifice, and that we will pay those vows we made and forgot.

God in mercy heard the prayer from the trembling, terrified soul of the swallowed prophet! God spoke to the fish! Surely God who made all animal life can send a message to the brain of any of them. The nerves that God created can bear the message from the supreme Mind of God. Yes, God can speak "fish." God spoke one sentence to the poor, disappointed whale that had suffered indigestion for three days. God whispered, "YOU SWALLOWED A BACKSLIDER." That was bad on the poor fish, for he commenced gagging and swimming to land. That was the sickest fish that ever swallowed a bite. You noticed that he vomited Jonah out on dry land because he did not want a back-slidden preacher in the same water with himself. The poor, suffering, innocent fish had to live in that water!

I'm sure that Jonah hit the beach in high gear; surely he was too wise to stop near the water's edge where such monsters dwelt that had just swallowed and spit him out! Jonah had hardly cleared the whale's mouth when the word of the Lord came to

(Turn to page 15.)

Billy Sunday, Mark A. Matthews, Arthur I. Brown, A. P. Gouthey, George McCready Price, Harry Lindblom, Ross T. Campbell, Oswald J. Smith, Luke Rader, Paul Rader, M. F. Hamm, Homer Rodeheaver, Gerald B. Winrod and others will speak in Chicago May 18 to June 1. Did you ever hear of a stronger Conference program?

A BAMBOO COFFIN

(Continued from page 5.)

day. One of those African thunder storms had just swept over the hill and every tree was bending and shaking under the force of it as it drove by. The rain fell heavily and penetrated the grass roofs. The rain came through and fell on her bed, as she lay there, half unconscious. I pulled the bed over on one side of the hut and soon the rain came dripping down in streams. I moved the bed again, but before long it streamed down again, and soon it poured all over the room and there was not a dry place left. I got some umbrellas and coats to cover her up, but the rain fell heavy. I sat by her bedside, the rain dripping over me, until I was dripping wet, but, my, what cannot you do, what won't you do for a lover! In an hour or two the rain abated, cleared up, the dusk fell, then dark came. Oh, how dark is the African darkness. You can almost cut it with knives.

His Saddest Hour

The doctor came in, as usual, to pay her a visit before he retired. He took her pulse, her temperature, he looked seriously and then he said goodnight and departed. I was to keep watch over her that night. Suddenly, he came in again and said to me: "Mr. Johnson, I had better stay with you a while tonight." It was cold. We shivered. I took some sticks, placed them in the middle of the hut, made a fire to keep us warm. There was no chimney. The smoke filled the whole hut. I had to rub my eyes, they smarted, and right there, by our side, lay one, a servant of the Lord, on the verge of death. What a pity I did not realize it. We sat there an hour. We talked quietly in whispering voices. Something pulled my eyes over to the side where the bed was. I saw the dear one so very still, very quiet. The doctor rose, walked over, turned back to me and said: "She is gone." "GONE?" I exclaimed, "that cannot be true." I rushed over, took her hand, cold — yes, she was gone — gone. Oh, the misery of that word — How could it be? The unexpected had happened. The unbelievable had happened again.

Then I pressed a kiss to her beautiful cheek, called her by name, "Bertha, Bertha!" No answer. She had passed away. The feelings of that night I cannot express, perhaps you can imagine. She had to be buried before morning and never had a harder task been placed upon me than to go out that cold, dark, starless night, and fetch a bamboo stick here and a bamboo stick there, go to the weeds and pull the bark off — the bark that we use as a substitute for strings in Africa — and together with another white man tie together these bamboo sticks as the coffin for my dear one. We worked hard that night, all night, to tie together this humble casket, which had no silk lining. There was no soft material to put in it. Grass was the cushion on which she would have to lie. A piece of cheap muslin sufficed for a "silk lining." A few flowers, wild flowers, were placed around the edge of the coffin, and then she was placed in that humble casket, the cover tied on, and in the dusk of that morning six natives carried her down into the valley to her last resting-place, and there she lies today. Less than a year of service, a life lived, a flower crushed, but, oh, the sweetness, the fragrance, the beauty, the glory of that life. A life that accomplished more in death, I believe, than ever while living. And as I retired, after that most sad and heart-cutting funeral procession, and withdrew all by myself, and

as I looked towards the East and saw the African sun rising like a big, red, fiery ball, and looked at the purple-colored sky, I vowed: "Either I am going back to my old life, either I am going to pack my trunk and go home, or else throw myself into this work more now than ever before." While the tears were yet crystallized in my eyes, and while the surges of my heart were still tearing, pulling, tugging, and while my emotions were at a high pitch, I cried out to God. I said: "God, now I have nothing else to live for before me. Here I am, a broken reed, a broken vessel. Put the pieces together, make it what you want it to be. Pour into it Heaven's best blessing. Use me, take me, make me what you want me to be."

A little bird came fluttering. He landed on a branch in a near-by tree. He warbled a song that went to my heart, my only comforter in that sad hour. And as I sat there, something took hold upon my life, an experience too sacred for words. Some talk about a second blessing. Some talk about the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Some talk about sanctification. You can call it whatever you like. I call it an experience with God that I never before had, and I don't think I ever had since. Heaven, with all its glory, came bursting into my soul. The balm of Gilead came in oceans to my heart-wounds. It healed them. A wonderful

peace and joy flooded my soul. I rose up from that tree-trunk where I had been prostrated, assured that God had untold blessing for me in the future. Now, years later, I see it better. What I then did not know, now I understand. What I then did not see, now I see. I have it now all revealed. Never could I have been able to do what I have done but for this experience, and, let me tell you in closing, my friends, whatever God does is for our best and our highest good.

Dear Friends, please pray for my black people yonder where the Gospel has never been taken. Those people would make as good citizens and as good Christians as you are this morning, if they only had an opportunity. You owe them the Gospel. God has entrusted this sacred obligation to you and you dare not shirk the responsibility. Do something to get the Gospel out. Pray and give. Some of us are willing to go, but others like you must send us. My own heart aches to be in Africa and as soon as God makes it possible, I expect to return. My body is in Tampa this morning, but my heart is in Africa.

A TICKET TO TARSHISH

(Continued from page 14.)

him the second time! "ARISE, GO TO NINEVEH." Thank God for the second chance! What would have become of a lot of us miserable sinners if God had given us but one chance to serve Him. But "He will not always chide neither will He keep His anger forever." Many a soul in this audience has perhaps about used up your chances. Remember the warning of one dough-boy to another in the World War trenches, "Buddy, don't use up your chances, better keep your head down." If God calls again today, whatever the duty, wherever the service, by His marvelous mercy, I'd go.

Jonah was hunting Nineveh and the will of God now. Down the beach he ran looking for a road that leads to NINEVEH — the place under the finger of God. He comes upon a road; it forks. He is blinded by whale saliva and sand and sea weed. The poor trembling penitent asks, "Please, sir, tell me where that road goes, and this one."

I answer, "That is the Tarshish road — a broad, well traveled highway."

He breaks in with a cry, "No not that way. I've tried that. I want the other road, I am NINEVEH-bound."

Yes, when a man repents he really is anxious to turn away from every road that leads back to his former sin, and glad at heart to take the road that leads to the will of God.

Jonah never waited to get an appointment to First Church to proclaim his message, but went into the suburbs and began to denounce their sins, and utter the warning of Nineveh's impending destruction. The Bible says the people believed Jonah's message. Yes, any man who speaks with the storm-learned lesson of repentance and the whale-belly covenant with God will make his hearers believe at least that he speaks from his heart. The people declared a fast; the king laid aside his royal robes; and every beast was covered with sackcloth until a whole city fell on its knees and asked God for forgiveness.

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The Propagation of Atheism

Atheism, or the denial of the existence of God, is the most wicked form of folly and the most foolish kind of wickedness in the world. There is an abounding amount of practical Atheism, or living in a materialistic and worldly way, as though there were no God. Moreover, there are those who, determined to live in a God-neglecting, God-ignoring, God-defying way, have forced themselves to deny, in words, the existence, and give their blasphemous reasons for their supposedly intellectual attitude.

At any rate, the one who denies, ignores, and defies God, is the sinner of all sinners, and the most foolish of those who, professing themselves to be wise, make themselves fools. In other sins and crimes, men sin against themselves and other created beings, but in this they sin with lifted hand and outstretched arm against the Great Creator. Surely none can attempt higher heights of impious insolence, nor grovel in deeper depths of desperate depravity.

The organized efforts of the present hour in Russia to promote Atheism have perhaps never been exceeded or equaled in history. The edicts which have been issued and are being enforced aim at the absolute blotting out of all faith in God and all regard for religion.

Even the darkest days and the most daring deeds of the French Revolution never equalled the horrors of this Russian Soviet attack upon God, believers and religion. Rivers of blood have been shed to silence all words of faith and prayer in that land. The Soviet Government had in 1928 enlisted 250,000 trained men, as Communist Catechists, to teach Atheism to the people, including the children. A paper, known as "The Godless," has been circulated by the millions. Millions of copies of atheistic books have been published and distributed. Ten thousand anti-religious clubs have been organized. Schools to teach Atheism are established. A score of broadcasting stations are employed in this awful rebellion, and only recently the commissar of public education broadcasted a series of atheistic lectures for teachers and pupils.

It was only recently that the order went forth calling for a competition among the towns and cities of Russia, as to which should most speedily and most thoroughly conform to the standard of godlessness. Churches are closed to religion and are being confiscated to purposes absolutely secular and irreligious. Religious services in public and private are forbidden. Parents

may not speak a word of religious meaning in the presence of a child. It is the purpose that not one place of worship shall be left by the year 1933. Inquisitorial methods are being used to detect any evidence of religion and where it is detected or discovered, the penalty of death.

It is stated upon authority that in the early days of this Communist onslaught, nearly two millions of people, priests of the Eastern Church, teachers, doctors, writers, officers, religious peasants, were brutally killed. Even now the reign of terror goes on. January of the present year is announced by a prominent Russian writer, in exile, to have broken all records in this irreligious campaign. Soviet authorities in different cities compete with one another in their destruction of churches, circulation of atheistic literature, terrorizing of the people,

and establishment of "clubs of the godless."

This influence is at work in our own land, with virulence and vituperative violence that many refuse to believe can exist. Books of atheism and beastliness are being introduced into our land, worse even than those that are being produced here, and Senate committees quibble about excluding them. Men are teaching this in many of our colleges, and pleading "academic freedom." Crimes of every sort, murder, theft, free-love and opposition to prohibition are incited. Our very existence as a Government is being threatened. Commissions study the causes of crime and refuse to recognize the Atheism of Red Communism. "If the Foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do? It is time for our nation to awaken!"

—The Presbyterian.

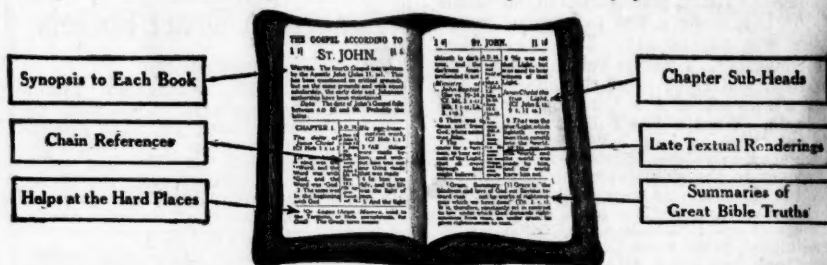
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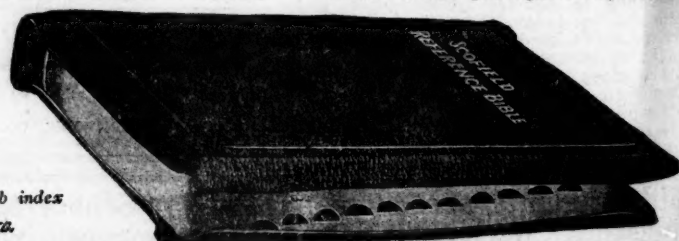
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